

# THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER      BRAMWELL BOOTH GENERAL

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

## A NEW START for the NEW YEAR

Out of the failure, the shame, the remorse of the past thousands have risen to live new and better lives, and so may you

THE year 1926 has now gone. What, for you, is the story of the year? Look back and compare its first days with its last. What has the passing of its 360-odd days done for you? Are you a better man or woman than you were at the beginning? Do you love God more or less?

Alas! for some poor bed-ridden invalid whose strength has been gradually failing throughout the year and who is now weaker than ever. Alas! for some poor tradesman, whose little business seems to have declined month by month, till his books show him worse off than he has before known himself.

Still more pathetic is the case of a human soul, now farther from Heaven and nearer to Hell than it was at the outset. More terrible than the loss of health or the loss of temporal prosperity is the loss of the soul.

Some one who reads these words has passed through varied experiences during the year. He started with good resolutions and for a while did actually set his face towards Heaven. He started at the Penitent-Forn and there were glad rejoicings among God's people in the belief that another soul had been born again. But these hopes were to be disappointed. The temporary amendment gave way to relapse and now, at the close of the year, the backslider is much further away from God than he was at the first.

How sad the memory of that goodness which was so transient. One expects a child's bubble, however beautiful, to last but for a moment. The summer flowers are all dead and one only expected them to blossom for a little while at our feet.

But, backslider, your goodness should have had more abiding quality. The pity of it, to be and then not to be converted; to play fast and loose with the fear and the love of God—and in the end to lose them altogether.

What is your excuse? Has the world proved too strong for you? There is a Jewish legend to the effect that if an angel spends seven days on earth it becomes gross and loses the power of its wings. The world exercises a terrible power and materializing effect on the best-intentioned life which is not fortified by the power of God. But why, throughout the past year, was the grace of God not more fully used? The Spirit of God within you would have saved you from every temptation and every fall.

The subtle change for the worse which has taken place in you may have happened secretly and stealthily. When a worm gets at the root of a delicate and sensitive plant its first effects may be only a vague sense of general sickness, a loss of bright color, or an unhappy drooping of the leaves.

The beginning of your lamentable backslidings may have been scarcely perceptible. You managed to keep up appearances and continued for a time what you used to do. But the power and gladness of your life departed, till at last disguise was impossible. As you think of what you once were, you are rightly filled with shame.

Is it any wonder that all your efforts to do good are unsatisfactory? Let no one imagine that in his secret life he can live at variance with God and yet carry on good

(Continued on page 12)



"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Luke 3: 10-22. "He will thoroughly purge His floor." The Eastern farmer piled his wheat sheaves on the threshing floor to be trodden by oxen. The grain was thus freed from the chaff. After the winnowing breeze had blown aside the chaff, the wheat was taken to the barn, and the chaff to the burning.

Which are we in the Saviour's great Harvest-field, wheat or chaff? Let us make sure, for on this depends our eternal destiny.

Monday, Luke 4: 1-13. "Man shall not live by bread alone." However humble his position, or however hard he may have to toil for his daily bread, God has ordained that no man shall be altogether tied to earth. Limited though his earthly scope may be, his soul has "every word of God" at its disposal for its enjoyment and direction. His reach out into the realm of the spiritual is unlimited.

Tuesday, Luke 4: 14-27. "He came to Nazareth where He had been brought up." Nazareth had a bad reputation. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathaniel. Yet the Saviour lived there till He was thirty. You may live where you see hurtful sights and hear evil language, yet through the Saviour's power, you can be kept pure and true. Possessing His Spirit, you will hate sin, and yet desire to save and help the sinner.

Wednesday, Luke 4: 28-44. "Immediately she arose and ministered unto them." The Saviour's cure was so complete that this woman did not need to be waited on, but enjoyed waiting on others. If the Lord has cured your soul, repay Him by serving others for His sake.

"God's service is a holy thing, Which every grateful soul can bring To Him—and those in low estate. Oft do the things most truly great."

Thursday, Luke 5: 1-11. "He said unto Simon, launch out." The Master forgot His own fatigue, and only thought of His disciples and their disappointment. But Peter and the others would never have caught anything had they not obeyed. Do not hug your depression at your want of success. Turn failure into victory by launching out just when and where the Saviour bids you.

Friday, Luke 5: 12-26. "He saw their faith." These four friends had gone to considerable trouble to get the sick man healed. When they could find no way through the door for the stretcher, they undid the loose Eastern tiles, and let it down through the roof. Jesus healed their friend because of their trust in Him. If you believe and work for the Salvation of your dear ones, He will not fail to reward your faith.

Saturday, Luke 5: 27-39. "I came not to call the righteous but sinners." The Saviour of men came to seek and to save.

The souls who were lost to the good: His Spirit was moved for the world which He loved.

With the boundless compassion of God. And still there are fields where the laborers are few.

And still there are souls without bread, And still eyes that weep where the darkness is deep, And still straying sheep to be led.

## What to Read

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If your Pocket-Book is empty, read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

If you have the "blues" read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are all out of sorts read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

If you can't have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

We should never go in the way of temptation for the purpose of trying the strength of our virtues. If Achan handles the golden wedge, his next work will be to steal it.

## BEGINNING AGAIN—Some Suggestions For The New Year

"I will do better unto you than at your beginning." (Ezek. 36: 11)

"Come, let us anew Our journey pursue."

SO says the old hymn, and when I was a boy at the old home I often used to wonder why those who fixed the beginning of the Year had not done so at a time when nature would, so to speak, identify herself with that fresh start. Why could it not have been planned for the Springtime, when the earth seems to be singing anew her birth-song; or why not when the summer and the autumn had passed away, and the earth seemed to be folding her arms after the strain and stress of the full summer days.

Ah well, I understand better now—that our Spring days may not be the other fellow's; that he does not complete his work at the same time as we finish ours. The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, and whether it be January 1st or any other date in the calendar, He is willing to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.

Anyway, be these things as they may, it is not likely that any strivings of mine will move New Year's Day from the neighborhood of January 1st, and so be it mid-winter, or mid-summer—strong youth or mere manhood—why not do as thousands before us have done, and make this a time of a new beginning?

But can one begin again? That is a question of startling import. Can we in a real sense actually begin again? I was reading a few days ago that, when we are young it is so easy to do it—or it seems easy. We are so sure we can repair our mistakes, and forsake our sins, and start all over again. The little ones asleep in their beds to-night, they can do that many and many a time; a few tears will wash out a whole bad day, and they can start again.

We older folk are so different. The failures of the past are all inside us; the trouble is that our past failures are not past, and consciously or unconsciously they are telling us that as we have been, so we shall be. But as I write these words there comes to mind another song of my childhood's home and days: My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash away.

And if the Lord did anything by His coming, He came to make all things new—so let us begin again, shall we?

## LET US BEGIN AGAIN WITH GOD

Well, then where shall we begin? LET US BEGIN AGAIN WITH GOD. That is to say, make a fresh start in our believing. Some say now-a-days, "Oh, what does it matter what one believes, so that we live right." Isn't that rather silly? How can a man live right, if he does not believe—even if it only be believing that living right is right. But when it comes to the really vital things of God, and our faith in Him, to believe is more than half of the fact of our deliverance from the sins, and ills, and effects of the past.

If we do no more, LET US BEGIN AGAIN BY BELIEVING THAT GOD IS LOVE. That, as some one says, He has made no more creatures than He can remember; that He has placed in this world no more souls than He can take care of; and that there are no problems in our lives—for this or any other year—that He cannot control.

We might begin again by believing that He is a God of truth, that His very love makes that essential. That He is a God of justice; that He is a God for time and for eternity. Let us begin again by giving a veritable shake-up to all our thoughts and ideas of Him. Says the old Book: "Because they had no changes they feared not God"; now is the time for a change—and for a renewal of our godly fear.

LET US BEGIN AGAIN BY BELIEVING HE IS OUR SAVIOUR. That He has been counted as such by an innumerable company throughout the Ages—that He Who was able to do a Saviour's work, is able to do it now—and in my heart and yours.

THEN LET US BEGIN AGAIN IN OUR PRAYING. Luther said, "I shall be very busy to-day, so I must have some extra time for prayer." Some people say now that they have no time for prayer; no time to talk to your Lover—no time to talk to Him Who loves us most, and to Whom we owe all we have. It is like the boy or girl who finds no time to write home to mother—and in that some might make a new beginning.

AND WHAT ABOUT BEGINNING WITH EACH OTHER? Yes, with God first, and then with each other. How easy it is for us to live alongside some of the best (and worst) of people and know so little about them. To know nothing of their longings after God, their desires for our kinship; I remember once living three years next to a man, talking with him evening by evening over the garden-fence, and at the end of that time I did not know his name. Not a good story to tell about one's self—but if I had been really concerned about the man's struggles and circumstances I should at least have made that much progress.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TOO ABOUT BEGINNING AGAIN WITH THE ARMY? What about a renewal of our consecration to its service? Some of us are not so old but we have forgotten when it was all so new and fresh to us; when the songs we have been singing for years and years brought their first thrill to our souls. When we first saw the old Flag catching the breeze, and when we first read its message of hope and Salvation for us and all men. When we used to dream of a world-empire for it, when its songs, and messages should encircle the world.

And the years have passed, the whole thing seems to have staled on us—and we look at our young folks and catch ourselves wishing that we had something of their fervour. And the drowsiness of the years grows apace, and then—especially in these New Year's Days—we shake ourselves, and say "Let us begin again." "Where shall we begin," said Christian to his pilgrim companions, "Let us begin where the Lord found us," said he. Go back to the first days, and then bridging the gulf of the years, and forgetting all that may be buried therein, "Let us begin again." And, said the Lord, "I will do better unto you than at your beginnings."

THEN, HOW WOULD IT BE IF WE BEGAN WITH THE SINNERS AND THE BACKSLIDERS? Especially the backsliders, for they shall then know the glory of beginning again. And their home-coming shall be our welcome home. And the lost ones shall come back to the Father's house; and the sinners shall come into joys of which they had not the faintest inkling; and you and I will be there to share it. Let us begin again—"J."

## "We Would See Jesus"

A New Year Reverie

(The following verses were composed by the late Cadet Faith Moore, after hearing the Commissioner's address in the 1924 Watchnight service in the Winnipeg Citadel. The Cadet was Promoted to Glory on January 19, 1924.)

I stood on the edge of the Old Year, And as the moments flew, Bearing me on in their journey. To the dawn of a year quite new, I thought I heard thousands of voices, Indistinct, and far away, Yet ever coming nearer.

And more clearly I heard them say: "We would see Jesus!" Then out on the edge of the New Year, I saw a countless throng; Of every tribe under Heaven, Of every nation and tongue. They earnestly scanned my features, As they gazed so longingly, And like the deep roll of the waters, Their words came over to me— "We would see Jesus!"

I distinguished among their number, Many faces I recognized; There comrades and many others, Whose friendship I highly prized; There were workmates and employers, And many relatives too, Who said by their very silence, "Let us see Jesus in you!" "We would see Jesus!"

I stood with a host of others, On the threshold of New Year's Day, And looked back at the wasted moments, As the Old Year passed away; Bearing along with it thousands of voices seemed to cry, Till it came from the dimming distance, Like a mournful, long-drawn sigh— "We would see Jesus!"

Tears fell as I crossed the threshold, And the door swung open wide, To admit me and thousands of others As we crossed to the other side. Then the last of the Old Year vanished, And took the threshold too; Its sighing voices expired, They came alone from the new— "We would see Jesus!"

But in the light of the New Year, One solemn word I make, And God shall be my witness, 'Tis sealed for His dear sake. "All of my friends shall behold Him, And the whole wide world shall see The beauty of His Spirit, Made manifest in me." They shall see Jesus!

## Do You Recognize Your Obligation?

No man is properly related to Jesus Christ until he recognizes his obligation for the salvation of the lost. To be indifferent to this urgent duty is to close one's eyes to the call of God and prove unfaithful to the claims of Christ.

Alexander Duff, the famous missionary, said on his first departure for India: "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the souls of humanity; that was a time when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When, by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on my bedded knees, I there said to God: 'O Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold to give to the cause I have none; what I have I give to Thee—I offer Thee myself; wilt Thou accept the gift?'"

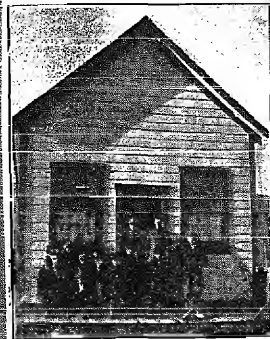
## Clouds

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it was upon it that the bow was set. The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where he bends the arch of light. Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without speck or shadow would not suit us in our passage to the Kingdom; therefore He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But lest the gloom should appal us, He braids the cloud with sunshine; nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven.

It is an awful thing to silence the voice of God, but it can be done, it has been done, and it is being done.

## Life and

ON THE banks of the Skeena River, about seven hundred miles from Vancouver, stands the little Salvation Army Indian village of Glen Vowell. It lies in a picturesque and peaceful valley among the mountains, removed from the



THE SCHOOLHOUSE  
Captain Boyes and some of the Indian children he teaches.

busy haunts of men, the approach from all directions being about a mile and a quarter from the main road, and often these almost impassable. Someone may ask, "However did the Salvation Army get to Glen Vowell?"

To answer this query and to see the Indian Work in any true perspective we must go back some seventy years. Father Duncan (as he came to be called) appears to have been the first missionary to the Indians populating the long coast line of British Columbia with its network of



THE ARMY HALL  
The schoolhouse and the Officers' quarters.

beautiful islands. He was sent by the Church Missionary Society largely at the request of a certain Christian Commander in the Royal Navy, named Captain Prevost, who begged that a missionary be sent. At the same time the Lord had been calling and fitting this young man in a small Yorkshire town, and in the year 1857 he first sighted Fort Simpson, and the people among whom he was to do such a glorious work.

It is said that this young missionary had his faith and courage put to a severe test before reaching his destination, as on approaching Fort Rupert he saw evidence of Indian cruelty toward one another in a number of dismembered and disembowelled bodies to be seen strewn along one of the shores passed.

So by brave missionaries who literally took their lives in their hands, but whose hearts were constrained by the love of Christ, was the Gospel Evangel first brought to these wild, benighted people. Besides Father Duncan, other Mission-



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# Clouds

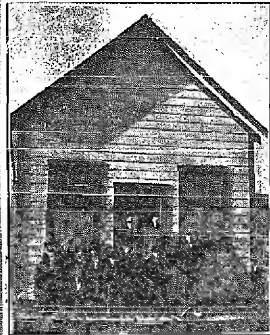
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# Life and Work at Glen Vowell

By CAPTAIN WALTER HOUGHTON

ON THE banks of the Skeena River, about seven hundred miles from Vancouver, stands the little Salvation Army Indian village of Glen Vowell. It lies in a picturesque and peaceful valley among the mountains, removed from the



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busy haunts of men, the approach from all directions being about a mile and a quarter from the main road, and often these almost impassable. Someone may ask, "However did the Salvation Army get to Glen Vowell?"

To answer this query and to see the Indian Work in any true perspective we must go back some seventy years. Father Duncan (as he came to be called) appears to have been the first missionary to the Indians populating the long coast line of British Columbia with its network of

arcs and their devoted wives, including our own dear Comrades, Major and Mrs. Bob Smith, must be remembered, who first, as it were, hewed at the solid rock and laid the foundations of the Christian faith on such unlikely material. We are reminded of the glorious declaration of that first great missionary: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth."

The day of the Red Indian adorned in feathers and war paint, also the tribal fights and the grosser evil ways are happily things of the past, but in their ordinary life, the older Indians at least, follow out a routine such as they have done year after year from time immemorial.

Space will not permit of anything like a full year's program of their usual doings. The year commences with a series of feasts, usually at the houses of their Chiefs, at which giving and receiving presents forms an important part, often with a bearing on the prospective election of the next Chief.

## Native Etiquette

It is a custom with the Indians at these feasts that whatever food is left on the table before each guest should be gathered up and carried home. This being proper etiquette, at such a function where the late Commandant Bryanton, my wife and I were guests, we were very careful to observe it exactly.

In the early spring, hunting commences. Then comes fishing in the summer, a little time on gardening, and then away again, trapping during the fall and winter. The Indian is a restless, roving child of nature and really never looks better than on returning from a month or two up in the mountains.

It is a picturesque little group to be seen leaving on a hunting trip. The cortège consists of the man, and possibly his wife or one or two of the children. The toboggan, drawn by three or four dogs, is laden with all that will be needed for the

from the oldest man and woman to the last baby.

It is difficult to give clear data of the starting of our work on the Skeena. It seems to have been the case of a spiritual conflagration, like a forest fire which sends forth lighted embers blown hither and thither starting other fires.

## Pioneer Worker

Envoy Holland was converted at New Westminster, under a woman Officer Captain Gordon, and on returning to Port Essington, in company with Envoy McKay and others, started to work for the Lord there, afterwards coming all along the river as far as Hazelton, and then again, old Paul Green (recently gone to his reward) who used to run one of the large freight canoes on the Skeena, gets converted at Victoria, and comes up the river fired with the desire to uplift the Saviour he has found, and with some others starts the Army at Kispiox.

Similar stories can be told of Envoy Peter Brown, Sergt.-Major Albert Brown, Envoy Moses Peak, and others of the Indian Old timers who have since gone Home.

The founding of Glen Vowell also came about as a natural expansion of the new-found vital forces. The old element at Kispiox apparently did not approve of the exuberance of this "new order" with flag and drum, and the open-air proclamation of the glorious Gospel they had experienced.

The antipathy became so pronounced that fighting and struggling over the flag ensued, and the Indian Agent, Mr. Loring, leaving something worse, hit upon the plan of giving the Salvationists a place of their own, where they could give full vent to the new impulses for prayer and praise. The Government Commissioner for Indian Affairs at the time was named Vowell, and so it came to pass that this beautiful tract of land along the banks of the Skeena, some four miles south of Kispiox and about seven hundred acres in extent, was surveyed and made a Salvation Army Indian Reserve, and named Glen Vowell.

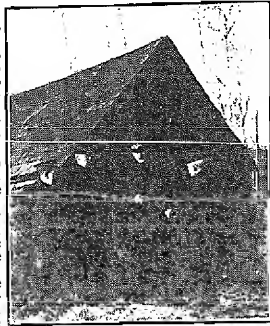
## First Days of Settlement

Could the great trees, mountains and river speak, they could tell interesting and thrilling stories of those first days in Glen Vowell. The exodus from Kispiox of several families to the adjacent spot of uncleared land, no houses or shelter, the camping under the trees, and all the time raising the flag which had got torn and battered in the fights (which is still retained in the Officers' Quarters) beating the drum and singing the choruses learned at the coast. Praying "Samuel Lehigh" (God in Heaven) that an Officer might be sent to lead them on. In due course the first Officer, Adjutant Thorkildson arrived.

Those must have been indeed halcyon days for our Native Comrades, living in their own Christian village, with an entire absence of the totem pole and other evidences of the old Indian village life, with hands busy and hearts overflowing with praise and fervor. Headquarters had established a saw mill, which enabled them to build their cottages and an Army Hall.

The Natives, now may be said to be somewhat under a cloud and passing through the sea. With the passing away

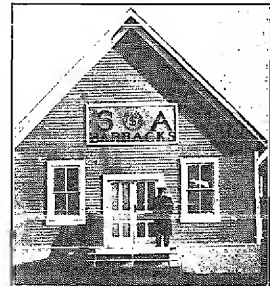
of the first novelty, together with the close contact with many ungodly white men, they now have to fight with foes more subtle than the persecutors who at first would obstruct their way, foes that cannot be evaded by a change of environment. The white man's vices enter



Captain Houghton tells the Chief Secretary, Staff-Captain Merritt and Adjutant Kerr some history of the village. They are standing outside the first Officers' house.

them, then some of the old bad habits haunt and would drag them back. We believe, however, that He who has begun the good work will assuredly bring them through.

A seed of vital religion has been implanted in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, and is often exhibited in wonderful spiritual enlightenment and perception.



## ARMY HALL AT HAZELTON

This is situated about seven miles from Glen Vowell, the work here being under the direction of Captain Houghton.

They know and easily betray themselves when wrong in their experience, their evidence of penitence after a "fall" is often touching beyond description, so

(Continued on page 12)

## THE ARMY HALL AT GLEN VOWELL

The schoolhouse and the Officers' Quarters may be seen in the background.

beautiful islands. He was sent by the Church Missionary Society largely at the request of a certain Christian Commander in the Royal Navy, named Captain Prevost, who begged that a missionary be sent. At the same time the Lord had been calling and fitting this young man in a small Yorkshire town, and in the year 1857 he first sighted Fort Simpson and the people among whom he was to do such a glorious work.

It is said that this young missionary had his faith and courage put to a severe test before reaching his destination, as on approaching Fort Rupert he saw evidences of Indian cruelty toward one another in a number of dismembered and disembowelled bodies to be seen strewn along one of the shores passed.

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trip, of possibly two or three months duration. Tent, cooking utensils, axes, snowshoes, food for themselves and the dogs (meat they will obtain with the gun—caribou, mountain goat, bear and such like) other little requisites such as medicine, plaster, etc. The Indians of course walk, the journey may mean one hundred or even two hundred miles before returning, when they generally look very tired and foot-sore.

Of course they have been "trapping" and if successful will sometimes bring back skins worth several hundred dollars. Unfortunately so far the Indians have not made much progress on the lines of ordinary providence. They think it becomes them to spend lavishly when they have it, and so the results of a hunting expedition do not last long and they are soon ready for the next move.

At Glen Vowell, everybody is usually home for Christmas, and a feature of the festivities is the family Christmas Tree, in which everybody participates,

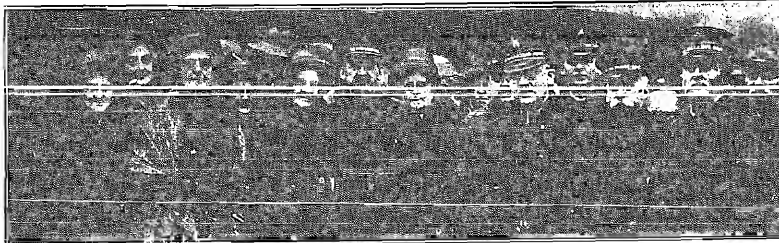


The Chief Secretary inspects a Native dug-out canoe on the banks of the Skeena at Glen Vowell.



# THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

Conducts the Farewell of Two "Hallelujah Scotsmen" at Regent Hall, London



Group of Salvationists photographed at Euston Station, London, prior to departure for Chicago of Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan.

MURKY, black fog made even cheery Oxford Street a place of gloom, where the moving figures looked like ghosts and the passing vehicles were just silhouettes against the apparently impenetrable blackness. But a step aside into the famous Regent Hall showed a very different scene. True, there was a mistiness in the atmosphere in spite of the bright lights, and the hall, though practically full, showed that those living long distances away were afraid to venture out. But the cheery optimism of the Londoner is at its best in a fog, so in spite of the weather and the fact that for the many friends of Lieut.-Commissioners Maxwell and McMillan it was "good-bye," there was no "sadness of farewell," for, as the Chief said right at the commencement of the Meeting, "Whether it be sunshine or rain, fog or fair weather, we can always assure ourselves of sunshine in following Jesus."

It seemed fitting that a voice that has sung itself into the hearts of many Commanders on the American Continent should be the one to sing the farewell solo, and Colonel Fugate's voice rang out as sweetly as ever as he sang words that finished up triumphantly with the statement that "The best is yet to come."

Then, in well-chosen words, the Chief of the Staff spoke of his association with and appreciation of Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell and charged him to do his best for the Salvationists in Canada East, not only taking the responsibility for those living in cities and places where there are Corps, but to devise some way of taking a special interest in the Soldiers who live in isolated parts, who seldom have opportunities of meeting their comrades and having spiritual intercourse with them.

## Put to the Test

Referring to Lieut.-Commissioner McMillan, the Chief said that his Salvationism had already been put to the test. It had been his, the Chief's, duty three years ago to tell the Commissioner and his wife of a contemplated change for

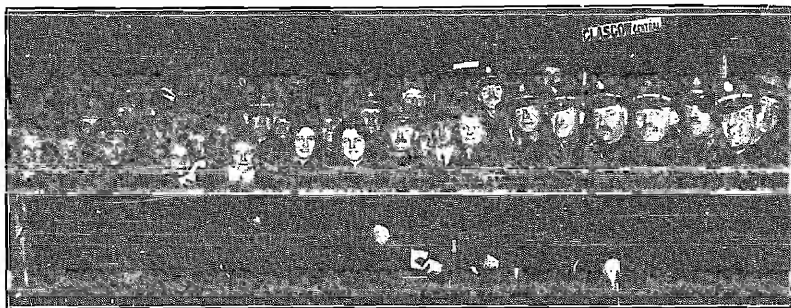
them, and when, without warning, he told them that they were to leave their comfortable surroundings in Toronto and proceed on missionary service to India, the reply had come immediately with a sure and certain sound, "We are the Lord's and the Army's to go wherever required." The appointment did not materialize, but there was a sincere willingness to go.

"We shall not forget Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell and Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan and

faith they will accomplish something worthy of the Army and of their Lord."—The General.

## Representative Speakers

The first speaker was Staff-Captain Green, who represented the Salvation Army Assurance Society of which Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell has been the Managing Director, Colonel Murray, another member of the Salvation Army Scottish clan, who, as the new Chief Secretary, represented the National Head-



A large company assembled to bid Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell adieu when they left London for Toronto.

quarters, and the farewelling Commissioners themselves.

Mrs. Maxwell said that in going to Canada she felt she was only going to another branch of the Salvation Army family, whilst the Commissioner referred to the fact that when he was a school boy in Dundee he had sometimes indulged in daydreams. One of these dreams had been that he should go to London, and the other that he should some day see Canada. For the second dream to come true he had waited 33 years, but, said the

General's Message

The Chief read a message he had received from the General who was at Heng Kong.

"Congratulations these two Hallelujah Scotsmen on their mighty opportunities on the love and guidance of God and the confidence of the General. Am full of

God helped us. We give all glory to Him, Hallelujah!

As usual on Sundays the men-Cadets go to visit the General Hospital and the Bethesda Hospital, two by two. We go to every patient, get to know about their circumstances, and tell of the true love of God, and His mighty hand to cure all diseases. Then we pray, while some of them join in prayer, and some would give to the collections too.

The women-Cadets usually go to the Women's Hospital at Thackand. Wonderful work is going on there. They visit several patients, and advise them. Most of the women join them in prayer and give good collections, also. Sometimes some nurses also join in prayer.

At 1.30 p.m. every Sunday some of us go to neighboring houses and invite the Juniors to the Company Meeting, and we start the Meeting at 2.30 p.m. After the preliminaries are over the Companies are divided, according to the number of Juniors present. In each Company there will be five or six Juniors. Then the ap-

pointed Company Guards take the Company at 3 p.m. and teach them the Company lesson. After this Captain Levi, or the Adjutant assemblies all the Juniors together, and has a review and then collection is taken at the close. After this we pray, and give each Junior a picture text or a card. Thus the Junior's work is going on successfully.

Swam with Supplies

Army Officer Comes to Rescue of Stricken Families—Army Hall Accommodates Refugees

Salcoats in Scotland was swept, recently, by a great gale, which, accompanied as it was by the highest tide that had ever been known, resulted in a large portion of the town being entirely inundated, and in many people being rendered homeless. The Corps Officer, Captain Briggs, at once opened The Army Hall for the refugees, who were conveyed thither in carts, and himself swam with supplies to many of the isolated families.

The whole of the arrangements for relief work were very soon placed in the

Commissioner. "I feel mighty happy about it. I shall take a look at Scotland and then turn my back upon it, and although I shall love it still, I shall turn my face towards Canada with my whole heart and purpose set to love and help the people, trusting in a big God who has laid upon him the big responsibility."

Mrs. McMillan referred to the happiness she had experienced in her connection with the Home Leagues of England and felt that, in ministering to others, she would find her happiness in America.

## An Army Creation

The last speaker was Lieut.-Commissioner McMillan. In referring to his parents, Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan, the Commissioner said that he was a creation of the Army that had gone from Scotland to other lands, and a representative of thousands who had never been of the Old land, nor sat under the tuition of the Founder, the General or the Chief yet who have the fire of the Salvation Army burning brightly in them.

"Perhaps, instead of farewelling, I ought, as a Canadian Officer, to say a word of welcome to the Commissioner and his wife who are going to Canada, and to say that they will find there loyal hearts to welcome them. With regard to our new appointment, if we have to say good-bye to this land, I do not think there is any other land to which we would

## "All Your Anxieties"

A Mother's Struggle and Victory at the Bedside of Her Sick Child

It was the end of a lovely November day, one of those rare days which are so much appreciated before the winter shakes its final stay. The morning beams from the setting sun had been going their best to attract the attention of the watcher in the upper room, but to no avail. No eyes had the mother for the sunset, that evening. For long weeks now, both day and night had been as one great anxiety, and she had seen her share. It seemed now that the burden would crush her completely, and she was watching as only a mother can, by the bedside of her little sick girl. So suddenly had the sickness come to the little, fair, blue-eyed darling, "Sunny," they had called her from the day she had come to that house. Sunshine had always danced from that little face, but now only pain and delirium were expressed in "Sunny's" countenance.

"What more can we do?" was the cry of the mother's heart. "I will not give her up until everything possible has been done to save her." Her thoughts went back to the morning when there was the consultation of the three doctors, three wise men bringing their gifts of learning to save one baby's life. "But would it be saved?" And so the mother watched and waited and questioned, as the sun set, and the room darkened. In the gloom she sat, with a yet greater gloom surrounding her soul and spirit. But then God is yet standing by. His messenger this time is the little five-year-old sister. Through the shadows comes the little voice singing:

"All your anxious time, all your care, Bring to the Merciful One, leave them there."

Never a burden He cannot bear, Never a Friend like Jesus." Over and over sang the little mite, and the mother's heart was reached. She smiled to herself as she heard the words. Do herself get mixed up. "Bring to the Merciful One." Yes, He was the Merciful One, and all these weeks she had been shutting Him out. "O God, Thou art Mercy and Lovingkindness," and so her knees by the little anxiety and care, and freely yielding all to Him, yes even the baby, if it was His will; long she knelt. Then suddenly, a little voice brought her to her feet. A voice that demanded a drink and her reply quickly. She put on the light. Was it possible the crisis had passed. Yes, those eyes were bright and clear again, and the sweet, sunny smile was there.

Just then the phone rang. It was the doctor. He thought perhaps they would be needing him. "I will be over early this morning," was his reply, when he heard what the mother had to say, and sure enough, early in the morning he came, and stood in wonder at the change in the child. He could not understand it. But the mother knew that the Great Physician had been there, when with a willing, humble heart she had yielded up her all. The loving Father had returned unto her the gift, and had accepted her willing heart, and now of a truth she could sing:

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## Seekers Interrupt Meeting

Glendid Effect of Enrolment Service at Regina Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Hubbard. Following the enrolment of eight new Soldiers on Sunday night and evidently affected by the Adjutant's reading of the Articles of War, one seeker came to the Mercy, and was soon followed by another. Before the Adjutant had a chance to deliver his address. We had the Prayer-meeting right away, and after a great little finished with five souls, this was the seeker in the Holiness Meeting, making a total of six souls for the day. The dress was held over till another occasion. On Thursday, December 2, a grand demonstration was given by the four troops of the Life-Saving Organisation, the Corps Cadets. The program did not credit to those who had charge of the arrangements.

## International Newslets

Colonel and Mrs. Cloud have received a great welcome to Kingston (Jamaica) Headquarters of the new West India (West) Territory, to the command of which the Colonel has been appointed.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Astbury, who, with her husband, is living in retirement at Kingston-on-Thames, Eng., has been elected a Councillor for the larger of the two wards in the borough.

# THE STAFF

at Regent Hall, London

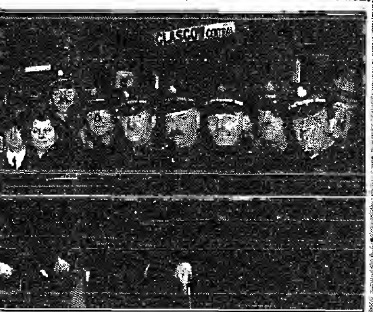
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go more gladly than to the United States of America, the land of great possibilities both for good and evil. I shall be very pleased," he told the King, Queen and Soldiers, "to work under the direction of an old friend of yours, Commander Booth. We did not choose our appointment. When told we were to go to Chicago we felt very humble and filled with a sense of our own unworthiness, but we go believing in a God Who, having sent us, will qualify us for the work." Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett.

Hands of the Captain by the Town Council, new and fully-equipped beds were purchased and day and night staffs organized. Sleeping accommodation was provided in the Hall for seventy people. The Officers' room was utilized as a ward for mothers with little children; a portion of the building was screened off for the use of parents with large families, and about forty little boys and girls were made comfortable in beds on the platform. Meals were also provided daily for the distressed people and a distribution of clothing arranged for.

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# The General's Journal

Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. TAYLOR

Those Spiritually "At Sea"—Evolutionists Being Driven to Folly—Home Lights—Some Strike Surprises—Inviolability of Good Faith

Sunday, May 9th, 1926.—At sea. Very good night, beautiful morning, though cold. The Atlantic can be fascinating. Some talk with a young Jew, a fellow-passenger. Did not get very far. Remarkable in quite a pathetic way, "I was very religious up to seventeen." Also a straight talk with my Steward, the Maxman, nephew of Lieut.-Colonel Brown. "Doing my best. I pray; I strive to do what is right; my wife is a very good woman"—and so on. I tried to let in the light about the Life.

Le Mont, our Soldier, came up about another steward, a backslider from Edge and in whom Cliffe and I have become interested. Was a Bandman before the war. We must get him back. He seemed sad at heart when I tackled him. Two or three hours on Staff Regulations. Wrote some personal letters.

Found, in an important and thoughtful way, in a review of the latest production on one aspect of Evolution.

It is God in evolution. God is not. He becomes. In the beginning was not the Word, but in the beginning was Movement. From this movement God is born by successive creations. As the world progresses, He progresses; as the world acquires perfection, He acquires perfection. He is therefore not the Alpha and Omega of things, for His destiny and perfection lie hidden in the final evolution of the Universe.

This is a good example of the folly to which the Evolutionists are gradually being driven. As a piece of silliness it is colossal and is a token of hopeless unbelief, and I had almost said infamous presumption, it is unique as a Movement!

Tuesday, 11th.—Disturbed in the early hours; passengers getting ready for breakfast. Arrived there about 5.30, disembarked six hundred, and left for Southampton. Held up an hour entering the Solent to let the Leviathan go out. It is a curious coincidence that this vessel delayed us when I was last this way.

Last night had a long talk with some

fellow-passengers; feeling after the truth, both of them. Walked with F. for some time, interested in the lights, especially the Bishop's Rock light.

Cunard wharf of Southampton Dock about 10 o'clock. Evidence of strike very apparent. Gangs of voluntary workers, University undergraduates and young men of title, with clerks, taking up the work of gangway moving and handling luggage out of pure sympathy with the country. It was a heartening spectacle—anyway, for us who wanted to get ashore!

Went up to say goodbye to the Captain. So warm. Gave him a copy of my recent book, and he made me append my signature. A few words with the Doctor, a really capital fellow.

Cath here to meet us; looks well. We are very thankful. Got away about 3, and home at 6. "The War Cry" Emergency No.—8 1/4 inches x 5 1/2 inches!

Wednesday 12th.—Good night. Morgan (Captain) at 9 and dictated. To I.H.Q. with E. and Cath. Traffic not so bad as I feared, but every conceivable character of vehicle, ancient and modern, on the streets—a most picturesque display. What a wonder is London! What a wonder are the London people! We must do more for them!

Letters, many and various. Cable from Jenkins. "Commander still very ill, though doctors say a slight improvement." Communication from Home Secretary agreeing that it is desirable to raise the age of consent of girls, at present sixteen, to eighteen. I regard this as important.

Conference with Chief on U.S. affairs. General Strike to be called off. What a blunder it has proved! Government has acted well in a great emergency.—Wilson (Commissioner), and conditions for our men resuming work at St. Albans. I feel their action very deeply indeed. Am plunged into a very whirlpool of affairs!

Friday, 14th.—At 9.40 to I.H.Q.

World Councils. Perplexing and difficult lists. Letter from a Salvationist holding an important position at Port Elizabeth (South Africa) on the question of divorce. How intimately the Army touches the life of the people!

Pearce (Commissioner) writes that the Government of China, such as it is, has left Peking to the militarists. Feng has gone, and his life not worth an hour's purchase if he should be taken. Soldiers are looting and many of the city's business establishments are closed. Feng's two splendid lieutenants, Lu Chang Siu and Chang Ching Li are in danger. They are five men and opposed to Feng's union with Russia, which seems to have brought the new trouble upon him. Our work, however, is not stopped.

Strike position slightly better today. I see that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has said that some one, somewhere, wanted to smash Trade Unionism. What nonsense!—for every sensible man, no matter how much he may deplore their selfishness, knows that in themselves the Trade Unions are a valuable section of the national organization of the people's business. Only they must be kept out of politics! Today's truncated "Times" says—quoting John Selden (the old and eminent English scholar and jurist), "If two of us make a bargain, why should we stand to it?" etc.

Certainly, because there is something about me that tells me good faith will survive.

"The Times" adds, and it is worth noting: The men who struck without notice, little though the great majority realized it, had not only broken the law, had not only created a sense of injustice that threatened to undo the social labors of a century, but had also disclaimed that principle of good faith on which all that is most hopeful in civil development of the English people is based.

Saturday, 15th.—At 9.15 with Smith to I.H.Q. He comes up smiling!

Cables many, letters various—including one from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Strike consequences seen and felt more and more to be serious. It will take us years to get over them.

Blowers (Commissioner), with Chief, on Indian affairs. Loan Settlements. Vicerey's fund not available; it is to be treated as capital and invested. Our Benares Scheme going forward. Interesting proposals re a Criminal Tribe which Government would like us to undertake.

(To be continued)

# Prominent Salvationists

## A Novel Knowledge Test For Our Readers

(In order to stimulate interest in the glorious history of the Salvation Army we are publishing a series of sketches of men and women who by their faith and works, stand out prominently in the Organization. We are leaving it to our readers to guess who they are by the facts recorded. This is No. 1 in the series. The name of the Officer will be given next week.)

NEARLY eighty years ago, in a Scottish manse, a little boy was born who was destined to play a leading part in an Organization not even thought of in those days. It was a very happy home in which this boy spent his childhood, and no wonder that he grew up with an inherent love for the poor when one remembers that his mother would walk around the bedrooms at night while he and his brother lay sleeping, stripping the clothes from the bed which she thought might be spared, in order that she might give them to someone in distress.

When he was seven years old he had a strong desire to serve God, but, owing to his brother's teasing he put this off until he was about ten years of age, struggling hard against conviction, for he knew all the time that he ought to be converted. One night, while the rest of his family was out at a Prayer Meeting the little chap started to sing:

"Depth of Mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me the chief of sinners spare?"  
As he sang the final lines:  
"God is love, I know, I feel,  
Jesus lives and loves me still,"

he knew that he was at last fully given to

God, and that peace of heart never left him.

His education took place at a school for the sons of Wesleyan Ministers, at that time located near Leeds, and here he imbibed a great deal of knowledge. When he was fifteen years of age, however, and just as he was leaving school, his father and mother died within a few hours of each other, and, with the exception of a brother, six years older than himself, who eventually became a Methodist minister, he was alone. He obtained a good position in London, but, as he grew older, and became better acquainted with the ways of the world and methods of business, he remonstrated with those in charge and finally, at the age of nineteen, was dismissed from the firm.

At first, not knowing what he would do, the desire to become a Missionary soon took hold of him, and independently of any existing Society he set out for some unknown part of Africa. His venture came to an ignominious end, for, being stranded in Morocco, he was sent back to his brother by the British Consul there.

When he was somewhere about twenty-three years of age he heard of the Christian Mission, and, after correspondence with William Booth, that at last he had found his element. The first Meeting between him and the Founder of the

Mission marked the commencement of a life-long friendship. Our hero became Secretary to the Founder and lived with the Booth family for eleven years.

He it was who was with the Founder and the present General at that momentous occasion in Army history, when, in the year 1878 the Christian Mission was changed to The Salvation Army. In February of the following year he volunteered to open America, the first country outside the British Isles to receive the Army. This was only the first of many such ventures, for he visited nearly every Continental country, as well as scouring the Far East, for he was always reconnoitering for openings for the Army work.

His linguistic abilities were very marked, and to him we are indebted for the first Zulu, Dutch and French song-books. He was also a writer of distinction, his contributions to Army literature being invaluable.

As the Senior Officer of the Salvation Army, in the year 1890, he was called to London from Germany, of which Territory he was then in charge, to conduct the Funeral Service of the Army mother.

His health necessitating a change at about this time, he was appointed a Travelling Commissioner and in this capacity was in his element. He held the appointment for many years, in fact, with the exception of one or two breaks, until the year of his death. This took place in the year 1913, when he was promoted to Glory from Cologne Railway Station in Germany, a land he loved well. He was buried in Abney Park Cemetery, by the side of his beloved Leader, receiving the honors that were his rightful due. Who was he?



# THE WAR CRY The Past Year in Retrospect

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder: William Booth  
General: Bramwell Booth

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign Hargreaves from Kildonan Home to Edmonton Grace Hospital.  
Ensign Anderson, from Kildonan Home to Calgary. Chas. Rich's Home.  
Captain Elliott from Winnipeg Grace Hospital to Edmonton Grace Hospital.  
Captain V. Cummins—Divisional Helper Southern Saskatchewan.  
Captain Finnigan—To assist in Trade Dept.  
Lt. M. Walker—Stenographer, Men's Social Department.  
Lt. Lawlor to assist in Men's Social Department (pro tem).  
Lt. Peterson from Lacombe to Brandon Children's Home.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

## Editorial Notes

### Look Forward Hopefully

A LOOK ahead ought always to be a hopeful look to God's followers; for in His service the best things are always yet to come. A generous parent is constantly planning in advance for the benefit of his children; arranging that at a set time a certain pleasure or privilege shall be given, and certain benefits secured to them. Much more does God, the bountiful and provident Father, make ready beforehand good things for every child of His.

In the New Year many divinely-planned blessings are awaiting us. The future lies before us like an ancient manuscript which, too fragile to bear the touch of a hand, is unrolled by threads that are fastened to the parchment and slowly draw it open. So will the coming year be unfurled by the steady strain of the minutes, and reveal God's loving purposes in our behalf. With its covenanted dawns and sunsets, its seedtime and its harvest, there are to come unnumbered gifts for our individual need even beyond our best experiences or anticipations.

Therefore, according to God's bidding, and in restful trust in God's planning, let us be of good cheer as we go to meet the hidden future, with its sure-to-be-revealed blessings.

### Thoughts for the New Year

The man who, in looking back over the past year, thinks he did as well as he could do, or as well as he wanted to do, during that twelve months, is not likely to do as well this year as he did last. But he who sees how much better he might have done, or how much better he ought to have done last year, is so far on a good plane for better doing this year.

Never get the idea that you are running things; leave the Holy Ghost to do His own work.—Charles Stalker.  
The messages God's Word are costly. They cost blood, they cost life, they cost money, they cost everything.

## A Brief Review of the Main Army Events in Canada West During 1926

AGAIN we stand at the threshold of a New Year, and it affords a fitting opportunity for a backward glance at the main Army events of 1926. Let us rapidly pass them in review with the idea of taking stock, as it were, of the Army's accomplishments for the year. It will be seen that there has been "something attempted, something done," in accordance with the program which the Commissioner outlined in an interview in these pages at the beginning of 1926.

Foremost among the advances which it is our pleasure to chronicle must come

Councils took place in Winnipeg, led by our own Commissioner.

The Missionary side of the Army's operations was ably represented by the visit of Major Hill, and his party of Koreans, which stirred up intense interest in the Hermit Kingdom, and Ensign Manickavasagar of South India, who told of the heathen multitudes awaiting salvation in his native land.

Another event of outstanding importance was the 20th Social Annual conducted by the Commissioner in Winnipeg, which aroused a new interest among

## Intense Siege for Souls

From Jan. 30th to March 13th

DURING the three months of January, February and March, will be the Army's great opportunity of the year for a great forward movement in the way of Revivals among the Seniors and Juniors.

The Commissioner has decided upon an INTENSE SIEGE FOR SOULS from January 30th to March 13th, the special objectives being the Salvation of Sinners, Reclamation of Backsliders, Sanctification of Believers, an Increase in the Soldiers' Roll, and a Definite Decision of Young People for Christ.

The various Divisional Commanders are responsible for the Campaign being carried on in every Corps in their Division, and will be given detailed instructions regarding this Campaign.

The "War Cry" will publish from week to week advances made, suggestions and outstanding victories. Look out for the Commissioner's message in the next issue.

the erection of a new wing for Grace Hospital, the dual stone-laying of which was performed during the Annual Congress by Premier Bracken and Commissioner Mapp.

The response of the Winnipeg citizens to the Army's financial appeal made this advance possible. A financial campaign at Vancouver was also a great success and in the near future this city will have a new Army Maternity Hospital.

Another step towards the creation of the new Training Garrison at Winnipeg was also taken in the latter part of 1926, so it can be confidently asserted that the past year has been one full of bright hope and accomplishment so far as the Memorial scheme in this Territory is concerned.

The Women's Social Work has been partially fulfilled in that of establishing Evendine Homes for old men in each Province. Two of these institutions have already been opened, one at Edmonton and one at Gleichen, Alta.

The Women's Social Work has also benefited greatly through the opening of a new Maternity Hospital at Calgary, the old Bishop Pinkham College having been secured for this splendid work of mercy. On the Field side of affairs we note that new Halls have been opened at Norwood, Edmonton I, North Vancouver, Rainy River, Hoonah (Alaska) and Sunny Valley (Sask.), the last named being the first Rural Corps to be opened in the Territory.

### Uplifting Spiritual Campaign

The Territory has benefited greatly by a number of uplifting spiritual campaigns which have resulted in large numbers of seekers at the Mercy-Seat and the enrolment of many new Soldiers. The most important of these were the great Congresses conducted by the International Secretary, Commissioner Mapp, at Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Early in the year Brigadier Bernard B. th, the General's elder son, paid his first visit to the Territory, when crowded buildings and inspiring gatherings resulted in the numerous centres visited. The Brigadier created a splendid impression at each place visited.

Another distinguished visitor was Lt.-Commissioner Yamamoto, whose messages were received with blessing and delight

by large audiences at every centre visited. At this time also the Annual Bandmen's the citizens in the Army's Social Work.

A Training Session for our Native Envoys and Sgt. Majors, conducted by Lt.-Colonel Phillips at Prince Rupert, proved very beneficial, while the creation of Native Officers at the Congress conducted at Hoonah (Alaska) by the Chief Secretary, marked a new line of advance in this work. A Native Congress was also conducted at Port Essington by our Territorial Leaders.

### Staff Changes

The year has been marked by many changes of the Staff. Colonel and Mrs. Knott farewelled for New Zealand and succeeded by Colonel and Mrs. Miller.

Other changes included the appointment of Lt.-Colonel L. Taylor, Field Secretary, and Brigadier Whately, Financial Secretary, to the Canada East Territory, with Lt.-Colonel Coombs, and Major Tyndall, the latter from Canada East, filling their places respectively.

Several Officers have gone to the ranks of the redeemed, Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, Major Robert Smith, Commandants Dryden and Hamilton, and Cadet More. The influence exerted by these Commandants was all for good during their lives, and the memory of them will be forever fragrant. With these must be mentioned two Canada West Officers, Major Maggie Andrews and Ensign Fraser, both of India.

During the year three excellent young Officers went to swell the number of Canada West Officers serving on the Missionary Fields. These were Captain Ada Irwin, Korea, and Captain and Mrs. Patterson, China. The two latter Commandants formed Canada West's Offering to the Missionary Work of the Army in connection with the General's Seventieth Birthday.

We can well say therefore that 1926 has been a year crowded with interesting events, glorious victories and splendid advances all along the line. Spiritually, numerically, and financially, the progress made by the Army in the Territory calls for thankful praises to God. We can thank God and take courage therefore for the advances of the past year and look forward hopefully for yet greater victories in 1927.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Conducts Welcome Meetings of Major and Mrs. Tyndall at the Winnipeg Citadel—11 Seekers

A HEARTY welcome was accorded Major and Mrs. Tyndall at the Winnipeg Citadel on Sunday, Dec. 19th, when three gatherings were conducted by the Chief Secretary, supported by Mrs. Miller, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Coombs and various Headquarters Officers.

Was tributes to the worth and work of the new Financial Secretary and his wife were paid by the Colonel, and a welcome was extended to them by representative Officers, Lt.-Colonel Dickerson speaking on behalf of Headquarters and the Spal Officers, and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Coombs on behalf of the women Officers of the West.

The Major and his wife spoke at each Meeting creating a most excellent impression by their earnest words and their evident spirit of Salvationism.

The address given by the Major in the Holiness Meeting was a means of great blessing to all present. His topic was the Holy Ghost, our Comforter, Guide and strength and in a very convincing manner he made clear to all how believers can be filled with the Spirit and empowered for service. One seeker came forward.

The afternoon Meeting was characterized by a number of marches and selections by the Band, American airs being especially featured. This program was one in a series of Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, which are attracting many people to the Citadel.

Some new comers to the city were welcomed at this Meeting, namely Corps Cadets Lellie and Jessie McBride and Sister Picing from Kingston, Ont.

Several happenings at the night Meeting added to the interest. The Field Secretary Lt.-Colonel Coombs, announced that the Corps was celebrating its 40th Anniversary, the first Anniversary Meeting in Winnipeg being held on December 12, 1886. The whole Corps joined in a song of praise. Then Sister Mrs. McKenzie, the oldest Soldier, was called to the platform and honored by being given the rank of Envoy. The tale of the first Meetings of the Army in the city and gave a ringing testimony to the power of God to save and keep for 40 years.

Captain V. Cummins, who was going to her new appointment at Regina that night, had a few words of farewell, the Citadel Band rendered the selection "Perfect Trust" and the Songsters sang some Scripture verses very impressively. Mrs. Miller read a Scripture portion and Mrs. Tyndall gave a short address, urging the unconverted to seek Salvation. Major Tyndall's address was illustrated by vivid descriptions of things he had seen in India.

The Chief Secretary made a powerful plea to unthensaved. He related some remarkable instances of the power of God to snap sin's fetters and urged his hearers to come and prove for themselves that there is cleansing in the Blood of Christ and deliverance from every sinful habit and appetite.

During the Prayer Meeting ten seekers knelt at the Mercy Seat.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller paid their first visit to the Winnipeg Men's Social Corps on Sunday Dec. 19th, and conducted a bright and helpful Meeting, resulting in five seekers kneeling at the Mercy Seat. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson welcomed the Colonel and his wife on behalf of the Social Staff. Major and Mrs. Larson, Major Allen, Commandant Lawson and Officers of the Institution assisted in the Meeting. Major and Mrs. Church also took part and Captain Flannigan soloed.

## Good News From Alaska

Major Carruthers sends the following cheering report regarding the progress of work in his Division:

All is going well up this way, and the revival fire is burning in each Corps. Captain Benson of Klawack reports that since Congress five backsliders have returned. At Kake Captain Newton has enrolled four new Soldiers since his return from Hoonah.

Captain and Mrs. Worthington have left for Yukutat to open up a new Corps. A wireless message reports their safe arrival.

At Juneau the foundation of the New Army Hall is almost finished.

# THE

THERE are some men  
It is a crisis that re  
It was so in this c  
were mutinous, the pas  
ship's company of 276 se  
Was this to be won  
picture:

Day following n  
darkness for 14 wear  
The cargo jettisoned  
masts cut away, un  
and shivering from  
engulf her. Ugly sin  
the blood to water of  
by long abstinence

Out of all this panic  
he was a prisoner and al  
knew nothing about navi  
captain of the ship.

Paul was the only m  
This message was a  
dogmatic if you like.

It was a challenge t  
with him.

It was a challenge t  
their own skins and lett  
It was a challenge to

It was indeed a chal  
the cruel sea, the darknes

In the challenge was

It was as though in  
became suddenly consciou  
to destroy him. He saw  
men and devils had been

He remembered it a  
challenge:

He says:

"In stripes  
In prison  
In death  
Five times  
Thrice b

## PICKED

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(Continued on page 18)

## CHIEF SECRETARY

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Winnipeg Citadel—11 Seekers

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and Headquarters Officers.

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Financial Secretary and his  
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on behalf of Headquarters and  
Officers, and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel  
on behalf of the women Officers.

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Combs, the oldest Soldier, was called  
to read a letter from her home  
and honored by being given  
the rank of Envoy. She told of the first

of the Army in the city and  
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son, the Colonel and his wife  
accompanied the Lt.-Colonel and his wife  
and the Social Staff. Major and  
Major Allen, Commandant  
and Officers of the Army  
in the Meeting. Major and Mrs.  
also took part and Captain Flann-  
gan.

and News From Alaska  
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work in his Division:  
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been found. At Kake Captain Newton has  
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from Alaska."

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Several message reports their sale  
of the foundation of the New  
Hall is almost finished.

# THE FAITH THAT TRIUMPHS

## THE COMMISSIONER'S Stirring and Heartening New Year's Message

"Be of good cheer, for I believe God." (Acts 27:25)

THERE are some men and women who are at their best in a storm. It is a crisis that reveals their hidden powers.

It was so in this case. The Captain had lost hope, the crew were mutinous, the passengers were panic stricken. The whole ship's company of 276 souls had lost their heads.

Was this to be wondered at? Read the story, and visualize the picture:

Day following night, night following day and no lifting of the darkness for 14 weary days and nights. The ship a mere hulk, the cargo jettisoned. The ship's gear thrown overboard, the masts cut away, undergirded, tied together with rope, shaking and shivering from stem to stern. Every wave threatening to engulf her. Ugly sinister voices screeching in the wind, turning the blood to water of those on board. They were sick, emaciated by long abstinence from food. Hope lay dead upon the deck.

Out of all this panic and mutiny emerged a leader. It is true he was a prisoner and also that he was a tent maker, and probably knew nothing about navigation, but by common consent he became captain of the ship.

Paul was the only man on that ship who had a message.

This message was a challenge, ringing out clear, unmistakable, dogmatic if you like.

"I BELIEVE GOD"

It was a challenge to the hopelessness of all those who sailed with him.

It was a challenge to the mutinous crew, who were for saving their own skins and letting the rest drown.

It was a challenge to his circumstances.

It was indeed a challenge to the elements, the raging hurricane, the cruel sea, the darkness.

In the challenge was also a note of defiance.

It was as though in that moment of crisis, he looked back and became suddenly conscious of the mighty efforts that had been made to destroy him. He saw that again and again all the ingenuity of men and devils had been employed to stop him.

He remembered it all, and in defiance of all threw back the challenge:

"I BELIEVE GOD."

He says:

"In stripes above measure,  
In prison more frequent,  
In death oft,  
Five times received I forty stripes save one,  
Thrice beaten with rods,

Once stoned,  
Thrice shipwrecked."

Yet, "I BELIEVE GOD."

Then looking to the future he meets it with a challenge:

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, FOR I BELIEVE GOD."

Can a more heartening message be given for the coming year. Here we stand upon the threshold of this New Year of Grace, 1927. We look forward and backward. What of the Past? What of the Present? What of the Future?

THE PAST—Does it hinder you, harass you, threaten you?

Do you remember the simple little song we sang as children?—

"My mistakes His free grace has covered  
My sins He has washed away."

IS IT TRUE?—then refuse to be hindered by the past. "Forgetting those things that are behind." Take one more look at the past. Its disappointments, its failures, its thwarted hopes, its hindered objectives, its baffled purposes. Then, with a challenge of defiance, cry out to your soul.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, I BELIEVE GOD."

G. F. Watts has pictured Hope as a shrinking, blindfolded female figure with just one string left on her broken harp. But the Hope of the Bible is young and strong, and its eyes are like stars, and his face like the sun shining in his strength, and with bold and vigorous hand he strikes full and exultant chords from a harp that has not lost a string.

For the Bible "never doubts but that clouds will break; never dreams, though right be worsted, wrong will triumph; holds we fail to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

THE PRESENT—What about the present. "Hopeless" does some lonely homesteader say, faced with the failure of his crop. "Hopeless" does some mother say, whose prayers for the Salvation of her children seem as though they will never be answered.

"Hopeless" does some Officer say, "no response to my message, little money, few people, fewer souls. Shall I, like Peter, who said, 'I go a fishing,' go back to my old job."

"Hopeless" does some backslider say, I shall never be any different.

Listen—Here is the very message to meet every need:

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, I BELIEVE GOD."

THE FUTURE—Thank God for a New Year, new chances, new beginnings. Here is just the message for the New Year. It is a message of stirring heroic, adventurous faith.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, I BELIEVE GOD."

### PICKED UP

The Christmastide activities of our Territorial Commander included the following events: Conducting a special service on Christmas morning at the Winnipeg No. 1 Citadel; distribution of toys to poor children on Monday, Dec. 27; speaking at poor children's dinner at each of the Winnipeg Corps on Tuesday; and presiding at the poor men's Christmas dinner on Thursday.

Major Hakkirk, the Trade Secretary, has been laid aside for the last week or so with a very painful complaint. He is now feeling somewhat better, we are pleased to report.

A vigorous champion of the Army work in the pioneer days in Winnipeg and an attendant at the Meetings, "Ginger" Snook, whom many old Salvationists will remember with interest, recently passed away in Winnipeg at an advanced age. "Ginger" Snook was a picturesque figure in the civic life of the city for many years and took a keen interest in all its affairs. Just before he died, Mr. Snook was visited in the General Hospital by Brother Dave Nelson, Envoy Mrs. MacKenzie and Ensign Harrington, Adjutant Curry and several Comrades represented the Army at the funeral service which was conducted by Archdeacon McEltheran.

(Continued on page 19)

### THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts Meeting at St. James at which New Financial Secretary and Wife are Welcomed to Territory and Colonel and Mrs. Miller Welcomed Home from Alaska

IN THE St. James Citadel on Thursday, December 9th, the Commissioner conducted the welcome to Canada West of Major and Mrs. Tyndall. The occasion was also the "welcome home" of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller after their Campaign in Alaska.

#### Warm Western Greetings

The Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Coombs, voiced the feelings of the assembly in greeting the new-comers from the East. The Colonel bespoke a happy and useful stay in the Territory. He had known Major and Mrs. Tyndall for many years, he said, and knew something of their excellent labors under the Colors. He also paid a high tribute to Mrs. Tyndall's father, the late Brigadier Pickering, under whom he had served while he was stationed at the Toronto Temple, and while the Brigadier was Provincial Officer. Impressed by the warm, hospitable reception accorded the Major, herself, and the children, Mary and Gordon, Mrs. Tyndall said that the zero weather had been forgotten. Moreover, she had renewed acquaintance with many old friends who had years ago preceded her from the East, and it was good to see them once again. She told of her con-

version as a child, and the godly example of her parents, and wound up with a personal testimony.

The Major expressed himself as being "quite at home," and reviewed briefly his globe-encircling travels on Army business, having obtained a glimpse of many lands and incidentally a valuable experience. He thanked the Commissioner and all concerned for the splendid welcome given to him, and the family, and gave an earnest testimony.

Having followed with keen interest the travels of the new-comers from the East, the audience was now transported to the Far-West.

#### Deeply Impressed by Natives

Mrs. Colonel Miller said she had been greatly moved by her recent experiences among the Native people of Alaska. The native women claimed her attention especially, and it was her joy to give them counsel and advice. On the whole, the zeal, earnestness and loyalty of the native Soldiers made a deep and lasting impression upon her.

Before calling on Colonel Miller, the Commissioner recalled some of his own interesting experiences among the Native Comrades, and paid a high tribute to

their Salvationism. "We are proud to have a Missionary Field all to ourselves," he said, making mention also of the faithful and self-sacrificing toil of the Officers who had gone to labor among the natives from the different parts of the Territory.

The Chief Secretary then gave a resume of his tour since leaving Winnipeg. He spoke highly of the native regard for the aged, the progress being made by the Young People, and the faithful work of the newly-promoted native Captains. "I believe," he declared, "that the Army in Alaska is going to rise up, to do great things for God in the future."

The Commissioner closed the gathering by making a burning appeal for consecrated service.

During the evening the Corps Band, under Bandmaster (Captain) Watt rendered a selection, "Consecrated Service," and the Cadets' Singing Brigade sang, "I'll carry the Army Colors," with a flag-waving effect which was much enjoyed by the audience.

### Organ Needed for Native Work at Glen Vowell

A new organ is much needed for the Army Hall at Glen Vowell (writes Mrs. Capt. Houghton).

Some of the Young People play quite cleverly and all are great singers. The organ we have is very old and is now in disuse. A new one, or a good second hand one would be a great boon.

If some loving heart for the love of the Saviour will respond to this request it will gladden the hearts of the Native people and of the Officers.



We are happy to report that our League Sale resulted in \$200.—J.E.C.



January 1, 1927

er as a young lad in the Ed-  
partment. Some years went by,  
came a bigger boy and applied  
ship, was accepted as a Prob-  
eutenant and appointed to the  
partment at the Territorial  
ters.

not forget while working on  
l Headquarters, that his chief  
as that of soul-winning, so the  
n linked up with a City Corps in  
and became Young People's  
Major of the Temple Corps.  
on to this position, he was a  
of the Staff Band in which he  
is drum for a number of years.

ed an appointment to the New  
Divisional Staff and promotion  
rank of Ensign. Then came a  
o the Immigration Department  
with which important work  
d the Atlantic no less than eight

year 1909 he was appointed as  
ecretary to the Chief Secretary

erated in Young People  
less it was in this position  
Colonel became so devoted  
n the work of the Young People,  
ipped himself so splendidly for  
which he is now leaving.  
January, 1919, there came an ap-  
at as Men's Social Service Secre-  
Canada West Territory. Previ-  
siding in this work he was en-  
gaging financial campaigns at  
centres throughout the Terri-  
d some very commendable

the time came that the General  
Canada West should publish his  
"War Cry", Colonel Peacock was  
to share with Colonel Phillips, the  
ibility of its production and for  
onths he filled with considerable  
the chair of Editor in addition to  
as Men's Social Service Secre-

#### Always a Reason

near a lot about the reason for  
in the lives of great men. There  
an a reason. With Salvationists  
reason for true success must  
be their reliance upon God.  
the case with Colonel Peacock,  
has another largely contributing  
and that is his capable wife.

a reader peruses these facts, he  
at once that the man who has  
Army and varied positions in the  
Army activities, is fitted with  
armor for the important position  
the General has appointed him.

#### Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. Although  
ment was keen at the con-  
disposition of Adjutant Ac-  
crowds attended all gather-  
the Citadel. In the Holiness  
we were led on by Staff-  
and Mrs. Bourne, a solo by  
ter being greatly appreciated.

Staff-Captain gave us a strength-  
message on the personality of  
revealed in the face of Jesus  
in the afternoon the Band  
ne lead, and with music and  
nducted an inspiring Meeting.  
a Salvation Meeting we had as  
Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips.  
war-worn veterans are ever  
e at the Citadel. Envoy Mc-  
is also on the platform, and a  
characteristic way led some rous-  
ing. Mrs. Phillips had a dis-  
ing message on the individual re-  
sponsibility of accepting the message  
it to so frequently in such Meet-  
The Colonel, in an earnest and  
ful address spoke of the ma-  
m of to-day and urged the  
of counteracting this by de-  
ing and preserving at all costs  
a spiritual atmosphere.

weather was unusually cold and  
red somewhat with Open-Air  
ent. She had additional duties  
ing upon her as Corps Sergt-  
Hodson was also laid aside  
sickness.

January 1, 1927

### Commander Eva Booth Installs New Leaders for Central United States Territory at Chicago

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan  
were given a most enthusiastic welcome  
to Chicago at a Meeting conducted by  
Commander Evangeline Booth in the  
Masonic Auditorium. Two thousand  
people were present.

The General cabled congratulations  
and called for fresh consecration of Sal-  
vation forces.

During the course of the Meeting  
thousands of other messages were read,  
messages from the State Governors and  
city Mayors of the Territory, and each  
of a heartfelt welcome to the command.

The Commander, at her best after a  
long siege of illness, gave the audience  
an exhibition of old-time fire that time  
and again brought it cheering to its feet.  
Her cordial and wholesome greeting to  
the Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan  
seemed to express exactly the sentiments  
of every person in the vast hall.

The reception by the Army and the  
public here to the new leaders of the  
Territory was most warm. They have  
made a fine impression and in all Meet-  
ings—and there have been several—have  
proven themselves well able to assume  
the duties and responsibilities of the  
great position which is theirs.

The formal induction of the Com-  
missioner was also the first public ap-  
pearance of the Commander, and conse-  
quently her welcome back, since she left  
Chicago on a stretcher some months ago.  
The double occasion for joy was used to  
the utmost by the Chicago Comrades  
and others who came from all parts of  
the Territory. Significant indeed was the  
action of the Commissioner in bringing  
to the front at once the New Year Cam-  
paign with its slogan, "I'll Fight!" and  
the wholehearted response which met his  
mention of it spoke volumes for the  
prospect that is ahead.—John Bond  
Colonel.

### Editor Appointed for New Southern States "War Cry"

The General has appointed Lt.-Colonel  
Robert Sandall to the position of Editor-  
in-Chief for the new Southern United  
States Territory. The Colonel was for  
several years Editor-in-Chief at New  
York and previous to that edited the  
Toronto "War Cry." For the past  
two years he has been Editor at Sydney,  
Australia.

#### A New Ally

Monthly Paper of W.C.T.U. in  
Winnipeg Makes its Appearance

The first number of "The Advance,"  
a new monthly which has made its ap-  
pearance in Winnipeg, has reached our  
desk. It is published by the W.C.T.U.  
in the interests of Scientific Temperance  
and Christian Citizenship and should  
prove of great benefit in helping to edu-  
cate the people of Manitoba regarding  
the evils of liquor. The Editor, Mrs.  
Geo. Belton, states that the paper will  
always be conducted along non-political  
and non-denominational lines, but will  
ever attack the liquor traffic as a destroyer  
of homes and purity. We welcome this  
new ally in the fight against the evils  
which assail our land and trust it may  
prove of great blessing and help to many.  
One of the articles contained in this first  
number, we notice, is by Mrs. Blanche  
Read Johnston, who is well known in  
Army circles. She is the Hon. Secretary  
of the World's Woman's Christian Tem-  
perance Union and with the pen of a  
ready writer she defends the cause of  
Temperance and exposes the fallacies of  
the liquor interests.

#### Lethbridge

Twenty Captures Result from  
Campaign

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey.  
Twenty captures were made in a recent  
Campaign conducted by Lieut.-Colonel  
McLean, assisted by Captain Harbord  
of Calgary. The special Meetings were  
of great inspiration and blessing. Brother  
Boeching, who has been of such help to us  
recently, has left the Corps on a visit to  
the United States.

We are happy to report that our Home  
League Sale resulted in \$200.—J.E.C.

THE WAR CRY

## Human Documents

### Stories from Real Life which show why the Army's Winter Relief Work is Needed in Western Canada

No. 1—Thirty below zero and no clothes for the baby.

ONE of the men Cadets when selling  
"War Crisps" called at a home where  
he could see there was sorrow. Going in,  
the mother told him her troubles, how  
the father had gone harvesting in the  
fall but owing to such rainy weather,  
had been able to earn but little. For all  
the weeks since then he has tramped the  
streets begging work, except for one week  
when he worked at a laundry. This was  
secured through his wife in desperation  
going to the laundry manager and telling  
him of the state of destitution of herself  
and little children, but it only lasted a  
week because it was only a case of taking  
the place of a man who was sick.

The Cadet asked an officer to call,  
which she did, and found the place very  
clean but the family very destitute of  
clothing. The baby, a month's old,  
was creeping around on the floor. Upon  
inquiry about the children's clothes the  
mother took the baby up and showed just  
what it had on. Though the weather was  
at the time thirty below zero, the baby  
had not a shirt to its name. From the  
waist up, it had a little band around the  
body, and a so-called sweater made from  
an old light green scarf a neighbor had  
given it and that was all! And the

lower part of the body was clothed no  
better. The mother, who was sick, sat  
with a shawl around her and cried as  
she showed the state of her baby.  
The other child, a little one of about  
three years had no shoes of any kind  
until a kind neighbor had taken a pair of  
her own children's shoes in to loan them  
in the hope that they might soon be able  
to get a pair. These were about four  
sizes too large.  
In the fall the mother had gone out  
working for some weeks until her poor  
health prevented any more of that. One  
dress, bought in better times, she had sold  
for \$4.00 to help buy food for the children.  
When the Army Officer called the woman,  
had only one dress to her name and that  
had been given her by a resident minister.  
A bundle of woollen underwear and  
other clothing to make over for the  
children, an overcoat for the father and  
overshoes for the mother were taken from  
the Army Salvage Store to that home  
early the next morning, and the mother  
was told to call at the Army Hall on  
Saturday when there would be some more  
clothing for making over and a pair of  
warm shoes for the little one wearing the  
borrowed shoes.

If it is for cases such as this that the Army makes its plea to the comfortable,  
well-off citizens of this great country to assist us in giving Winter Relief to  
the poor and needy. The need exists all right; help us meet it. The hearts  
of the Officers who investigate the many calls made upon us often are wrung  
with agony because there is so little to go round, and a mere pittance has to  
be given out of our scanty resources because there are so many demands on  
us. Help the Army to relieve the needs of the poor this winter. Gifts of  
money, food or clothing will be gratefully received and the givers may be  
assured that they will be distributed where the need is greatest.

## Christmas Cheer in Winnipeg

### Some Incidents which Show how the Citizens Respond to the Army's Appeal on Behalf of the Poor

THE citizens of Winnipeg responded  
with true Western generosity to the  
appeal of the "Pots" during the Christ-  
mas season, and showed once again their  
confidence in the Army's administration  
of funds for the relief of the poor and  
needy. Up to the time of going to press  
the totals were well in advance of last  
year at the same time, and things were  
shaping for a record effort.

Chief among the means provided for  
the raising of funds were the familiar  
kettles and tripods. In addition to the  
usual picturesque outfit, the tops of the  
stands were ornamented with Army Flags,  
and also bold signs inviting the public  
to consider the need of the poor.

Many stories were told by the workers  
concerning the children who showed by  
their interest and enthusiasm no little  
anxiety regarding their poorer little  
brothers and sisters. Eager to assist  
in the good work one tiny donor placed a  
cent in several containers, so, as he  
triumphantly expressed it, "to spread it  
out the furthest." Little ones joyously  
poured into the kettles the savings of  
many months, and the delight of hearing  
their bank-loads of cents jingle into the  
pot brought smiles of pleasure to young  
and old alike as the bystanders gathered  
to watch the interesting ceremony.

All the children who approached the  
kettles did not do so with the intention  
of contributing. One thin-faced little  
child looked wistfully into the worker's  
face, and said, "I don't think we will  
have any Christmas this year." The  
Salvationist suddenly stopped jingling  
his bells. "Why," he enquired kindly,  
"how's that?" "Well," replied the girl,  
"we have eleven in our family, you know."

The worker took her name and address  
for investigation. "Quite a number of  
slips of paper containing applications  
for hamper were slipped shyly into the  
pots by needy looking people. These  
received attention in due course.

Nor were the gains entirely material.  
More than one Cadet improved the  
shining hour and seized the opportunity,  
during conversation with passers-by, to  
speak to them about eternal things.  
Two burly railroad men stopped at one  
of the kettles to contribute a donation

each, and bid the Cadet in charge the  
time of day. The Cadet himself an old  
railroad man gave his testimony and so  
impressed the men that they promised  
to pray for themselves that night. "You've  
got the right thing my boy, stick to it,"  
exclaimed one of the men as they went on  
their way.

Up drove a comfortable limousine to  
one of the kettles and as pretty as a  
picture, out stepped a dainty little miss  
of seven or eight. Tripping merrily to the  
container she deposited a five dollar bill,  
and with a smile at the guardian turned  
back to the car. The guardian, however,  
was quite equal to the occasion, for he  
gallantly escorted the diminutive miss  
to the car, and opened the door, and  
assisted her in.

One little lad gleefully carried one of  
his wool mitts in his hand, tied up like  
a sack and filled with coppers. Saluting  
the Cadet in charge of the first kettle  
he emptied his mitt into the container  
with evident satisfaction. Having done  
this he strutted proudly away con-  
scious of the fact that he had "done  
his bit."

A group of "newsies" gathered around  
a kettle outside a large departmental  
store. The hour late, and business some-  
what dull the Cadet seized the opportu-  
nity of giving a little Salvation talk to  
his sidewalk congregation with the result  
that they were much impressed. Passing  
on to the other side of the road the  
"newsies" paused there a moment and  
then after holding a consultation each  
came back and slipped a donation in the  
kettle. Evidently to show their  
appreciation of the Cadet's little homily.

A gentleman approached another Cadet  
at his stand, and with a twinkle of the  
eye asked him why he did not aim for a  
more remunerative job than that of  
Army Officership.

"Well Sir," replied the Cadet promptly,  
"I'm in for the best job in the world."  
The gentleman, a prominent Winnipeg  
citizen, and a good friend of the Army,  
smiled approvingly, and in silence poured  
all the loose change from his pocket into  
the kettle, and with a cheery adieu, went  
on his way.

## Thirty-eight Surrenders at Grandview

Vancouver III Comrades Enjoy  
Seasons of Refreshing

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern. At  
the apex of a recent Life Evening School  
Meeting, during which Ensign McEachern  
Meeting to the boys on the importance of  
their acceptance of Jesus as their Saviour,  
fourteen lads made their way to the Mercy-  
Seat.

The following Sunday, the Corps-Cadet  
Commandant and Corps Cadets were in  
charge of the Meetings all day. The Holy  
Spirit came very near in the Holiness  
Meeting, and at the close seven Comrades  
came forward for full consecration. Again  
at the Company Meeting in the after-  
noon six children sought Christ. At night  
the Open-Air gathering was led by Scout-  
Leader Fitch after which we marched  
back to the Hall, forty strong, headed  
by the Band. Preceding the inside Meet-  
ing, our illustrated song service was  
given after which we went earnestly into  
the Salvation Meeting. The Bible-lesson  
was read by C.C. Catherine Watt, and a  
very pleasing duet was rendered with  
much feeling by Corps-Cadets Field  
and McEachern. The Ensign gave the  
address, and when the invitation was  
given, eight precious souls found the  
Saviour. To God be all the glory, for  
these Meetings resulted in thirty-five  
seekers.

For the next weekend we were glad to  
have Brigadier and Mrs. Layman with  
us. The Brigadier attended the morn-  
ing Open-Air gathering, and also the  
Company-Meeting. Mrs. Staff-Captain  
Dray was also present morning and night,  
and spoke in the latter Meeting. In the  
Prayer-Meeting at night, led by the  
Ensign, three seekers came forward.—  
J.W.

#### Calgary Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker. On a  
recent Sunday the Meetings were all  
bright and interesting, the Corps-Cadet  
Brigade under their Guardian, Sister  
Mrs. Robinson, taking a prominent part.  
In the morning the Guardian gave a  
splendid talk and following the address  
by Adjutant Junker at night, seven souls  
sought pardon. Two seekers were also  
registered in the afternoon Free-and-Easy  
Meeting.

The following Sunday God came very  
near and two souls were born again. This  
Sunday was the occasion of Adjutant  
Junker's farewell, prior to his journey to  
London. Many kind words were spoken  
to the Adjutant and his wife, and good  
wishes extended to the Adjutant. Treasur-  
er Gray was welcomed back after a short  
stay in Edmonton. The Adjutant made  
mention during the evening of several  
new Local Officers having been made.  
These included Y.P. Record Sergeant  
Brother Witcher, Y.P. Band-Leader Fred  
Hackett, Band Color-Sergeant Brother  
Wright, Band Secretary H. Honeychurch,  
Deputy Bandmaster S. Stunnell, jr. and  
Brother Fred Garnett, Scout-Leader.

In the Holiness Meeting last Friday  
two souls surrendered, and another  
seeker came forward in the Saturday  
night Meeting.—F.E.S.

#### Fort Frances on Upgrade

Lt.-Colonel Sims Visits Corps  
—Three Seekers

Captain and Mrs. Thierstein. In  
spite of a raging blizzard, and a tempera-  
ture of 30 below zero, recent special week-  
end Meetings conducted by Lt.-Colonel  
Sims were very successful. Captain  
Thierstein, acting upon a suggestion from  
the Colonel, planned for special gather-  
ings for the Corps-Cadets and Y.P. Local  
Officers, a Meeting at the Jail, special  
Meetings for children, after school hours,  
and at this in addition to the weekend  
Campaign. Open-Air Meetings were held  
but the cold was soon forgotten after the  
Hall was reached. During the Meeting  
the Corps Cadets gave out songs, and  
spoke, and the Y.P. Workers took part.  
The Colonel's address was very helpful,  
following which three Comrades reconse-  
crated themselves to God.

Fort Frances Corps is doing well,  
under the direction of Captain and Mrs.  
Thierstein, and all branches of activity  
are on the upgrade.—J.A.S.

## News from Victoria

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones. There was rejoicing when the short notice announcement was made that Brigadier Layman, our Divisional Commander would pay Victoria a visit on Tuesday, and although the usual Band practice night, a splendid crowd turned out to greet him. The Citadel Band and Songster Brigade were in their places and helped to add to the enthusiasm of the happy occasion. All through the Meeting there was a swelling note of triumphal praise to the Heavenly Father.



His Worship Mayor G. H. Morden.

Who had blessed the means used to restore the Brigadier to health and strength. Short, bright testimonies were in order, and good congregational singing, the hymn tune "Arizona" being introduced by the Brigadier. Later on in the Meeting he read the Bible lesson and spoke on "The Kingdom of Heaven." The time was all too short, and he left again on the midnight boat, but we anticipate another visit when Mrs. Brigadier Layman can come also.

The Band assisted by some of the members of the Songster Brigade gave a Musical Festival recently that was broadcast by the courtesy of one of Victoria's business firms. Many took advantage of the opportunity to hear the Band in the Citadel. Commandant Jones was in charge and Deputy-Bandmaster Hornbuckle conducted the Band.

## Saskatoon Citadel Notes

Ensign and Mrs. F. Merrett. Definite advancement is being made at this corps and a splendid spirit is prevalent and evidenced among the forces. All are united to do more for the Kingdom. Some genuine cases of conversion have been secured in recent bombardments against Satan's Empire. On a recent Sunday evening after a hard fought Prayer Meeting, when no visible results had been registered and the Meeting officially closed a Bandsman was still pleading with a young man to surrender to Christ. As the Comrades were leaving the Hall the man at the invitation of the Ensign knelt and there poured out his petition to the Heavenly Father who heard his entreaties and forgave his sins. The following week the young man had occasion to return to his home in the country where he told them of his new found joy and three days after he had the pleasure of winning his brother for Christ. Both of the young men returned to the city two Sundays afterwards and attended the Meetings throughout the day, each taking advantage of every opportunity afforded to witness for their new-found Saviour. We believe they will turn out to be genuine fighters in the ranks of the Lord.

There is a continually increasing interest in the Sunday morning Holiness Meetings, with practically a full turnout of the Band and a large number of the Comrades. On a recent Sunday, Ensign Merrett's address on "Stopping Places," was the means of much blessing to the Comrades. In the afternoon Meeting, which was given over to the married members of the Citadel Band, we enjoyed some novel items, one of which was the

## New Hall Opened at North Vancouver

Mayor Morden presides—Citadel Songsters and Band take part

AN outstanding event in the history of the North Vancouver Corps was the opening of their newly remodelled and renovated building.

The front of the beautiful stucco building formed a splendid background to the large crowd that gathered for the opening ceremony. Brigadier Layman who has spared no effort in this enterprise of the new Hall, gave an inspiring address and dedicated the building to God's service. Staff-Captain Dray also assisted. Captain Morrison prayed, after which Brigadier Layman turned the key and declared the new Hall open.

The building was filled to capacity, many having to stand at the back of the

Mrs. Brigadier Layman gave a Bible reading. Among those present were representatives from the churches who spoke briefly, Rev. Switzer and Rev. McLeod both giving a very interesting speech and referring favorably and kindly to the Army and its love of service to those in need.

Captain Newbury, Officer in charge of the Corps, paid a high compliment to the Soldiers and others for their endeavors in making the opening of the new Hall possible.

At the conclusion of the service Brigadier Layman thanked the Mayor for his presidency and his inspiring words.



NORTH VANCOUVER'S NEW HALL

Hall, while several were in the room at the rear of the platform. A very interesting program had been arranged over which Mayor Geo. H. Morden presided. His Worship spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Army, saying that he looked upon the Organization as a valuable asset to North Vancouver.

The Vancouver Citadel Band and Songster Brigade were present and added very materially to the program, rendering several selections of instrumental and vocal music.

The following Tuesday evening, the Citadel Band members were "at home" to the members of the Australian National Band. This was the subject of much favorable comment from the Bandsmen from the Antipodes. Ensign Merrett took advantage of the occasion to press home the claims of God. The whole assembly joined in the singing of some old-time hymns and not a few of the visitors were moved. We believe much good was accomplished through this courtesy and we know they will not soon

forget the kindness of the Saskatoon Citadel Band.

Thursday, December 2nd, was the date of our Home League sale. Despite inclement weather the whole affair was a success.

The following Sunday the Ensign's address in the night Meeting brought conviction to many, one of whom volunteered to the Mercy Seat.

Recent converts are taking their stand. The Band is improving in all ways. Increased membership is noted and there is a splendid spirit of comradeship evidenced. On their own initiative, the Band undertook the Christmas serenading this year. For this purpose they organized themselves into two groups and the "B" section, representing the younger element of the band challenged "A" group in raising the largest amount.

## Advances at Yorkton

Citizens Show Practical Interest in Army Work—Y.P. Activities on Increase

Captain and Mrs. Smith—Envy Members, of Saskatoon, recently conducted good weekend Meetings at this Corps. The Comrades rallied around well and were greatly blessed by the Envy's messages.

Staff-Captain Tuttle, our Divisional Commander also visited us recently and we had a splendid Meeting which was well attended. The Staff-Captain briefly reviewed the progress of the Army in Saskatchewan and it was encouraging to learn that advancement is being made on all sides. The Staff-Captain also met the Corps Cadets at supper in the Quarters.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle was with us for a recent weekend. On Saturday afternoon she opened a Home League Sale (the Home League only recently having been organized) and a splendid sum was realized. We are very grateful to the ladies of the town who turned out to the sale and assisted with selling the goods as well as purchasing same. The Sunday Meetings were a blessing to us and Mrs. Tuttle's messages were of much help. Adjutant Shaw of Saskatoon was also present all day Sunday and his talks were very inspiring.

At a recent Soldiers' Meeting a man came in who was greatly convicted of his sinful life and before the Meeting closed, we had the joy of leading him to the Saviour. He gave a splendid testimony.

As an evidence of their appreciation of the work of the Army in Yorkton a number of ladies of the town recently held a surprise shower for the Quarters and a splendid quantity of towels, bed linen, kitchen utensils, etc. were brought along. The shower was a surprise to our Officers and was held on a night when there was not a Meeting. Secretary Billyard was chosen as the person to present the articles donated and both Captain and Mrs. Smith replied and expressed their gratitude for the kindness displayed. This shower was particularly appreciated by the Officers, because those present were representative of the various denominations in town, thus showing that the work of the Army is appreciated.

Our Young People's Work is on the upgrade here and our attendance is more than 100% greater than last year. We are looking forward to building up a splendid Y.P. Work. We have recently commenced practices with a view to forming a Y.P. Band. There are seven attending these practices and we are encouraged to believe that by the time Spring arrives we shall be able to play out. Instruments are our need just now. We have four already but would like to obtain a baritone, euphonium and E Flat bass.

Our new floor in the Hall is completed and paid for and we are grateful to God for His help in this regard. It was quite an undertaking but prayer and hard work prevailed and now our Hall is very comfortable and warm during these winter months.—Scribe

## Like a Whirlwind

New Westminster Has Rousing Meeting

Captain J. F. Morrison and Lieut. Wiseman. Following an Open Air bombardment in the residential portion of the city, we had a splendid Holiness Meeting, when the Lieutenant spoke on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. In the afternoon the Meetings, both outside and in, went like a whirlwind, and at night we had a good crowd at the Meeting.—C.C.

## Rainy River

Captain Johnrud and Lieut. Maek. Things are on the move at our Corps and new faces are seen in the Meetings. Recently Lt-Colonel Sims paid us a visit and his lantern lecture proved most interesting to young and old.

We said farewell recently to Sister Olson and family who have found it necessary to move to other parts. We thank them for their services and pray God to bless them.

## OUR NEW SERIAL

# MARI

### Chapter I

A MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN  
THE stillness, which in mountain glens invariably precedes lengthening of the evening shadows had fallen over the hills that form part of the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. The heat of day still lingered in the shimmering air, making the outlines of the landscape indistinct and the distances hazy and deceiving, while the brown of parched and sun-baked Texas plains blended into the dull, red-brown of the mountains.

The trail that led into these fastnesses ran like a yellow scar across the landscape, losing itself here and there in the roll of the plain. The jagged masses of rock seemed to frown upon the winding, sandy pathway which had pointed the way for man and beast to disturb the age-old solitude of the sentinel hills. The dust of the trail had frequently lifted in clouds at the passing of bands of horsemen driving cattle or bent on some border affray, and at times the dull red stain of blood remained long after the sound of thudding hoofs had ceased to echo among the rocks.

### Apparently Quite at Home

The only sign of life in this forbidding region was the sorrel pony grazing on the scanty fare he could find among the sage and cactus. A halter trailed in the dust as he moved from bush to bush. No sign of rider or owner could be seen, yet this vagrant pony seemed not a whit perturbed by his isolation. To the contrary, he was apparently quite at home in these surroundings. He might have wandered thus for one clump of cactus to another for a definite period but for a shrill whistle which broke the stillness with startling suddenness and which caused the pony to halt abruptly in foraging and move toward the rocks from which the sound proceeded.

"Billy-boy! Billy-boy! Billy-boy!" At each repetition of his name the sorrel quickened his step, whinnying his pleasure at the sound of the voice.

The owner of the voice and which was a girl. She was standing between two huge boulders; her slender figure silhouetted against the patch of azules which glowed between the outlines of these sun-baked rocks.

Extraordinary as was the appearance of the child in these lone regions, she seemed strangely in keeping with her surroundings. She was perhaps, twelve years of age, and like and graceful as a lily. Her hair fell in a mass of disordered yet picturesque tresses over her shoulder while her hands were thrust into pockets of the ragged blue overalls which she wore. Apparently her tremulousness refused to be covered, she wore neither hat nor shoes.

At the glow of the evening sun was in her eyes, which shone like pools of liquid amber against the red-brown tan of her cheeks.

She scarcely touched the sorrel pony as she sprang upon his back, and a touch of her heels sent him flying along the trail toward the hills, where horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust, and were lost to sight in



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## OUR NEW SERIAL

# MARIE OF THE MOUNTAINS

A TALE OF THE TEXAS BORDER

BY S. E. C.

### Chapter I

#### A MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE stillness, which in mountain regions invariably precedes the lengthening of the evening shadows, had fallen over the hills that form part of the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. The heat of the day still lingered in the shimmering air, making the outlines of the hills indistinct and the distances hazy and dimming, while the brown of the parched and sun-baked Texas plains blended into the dull, red-brown tints of the mountains.

The trail that led into these rocky fastnesses ran like a yellow scar across the landscape, losing itself here and there in the roll of the plain. The jagged masses of rock seemed to frown upon the winding, sandy pathway which had pointed the way for man and beast to disturb the age-old solitude of the sentinel hills. The dust of the trail had for a moment lifted in clouds at the passing of bands of her- men driving cattle or bent on some border affray, and at times the dull red stain of blood remained long after the sound of thudding hoofs had ceased to echo among the rocks.

#### Apparently Quite at Home

The only sign of life in this forbidding region was the scrawny pony grazing on what scanty fare he could find among the sage and cactus. A halter trailed in the dust as he moved from bush to bush. No sign of rider or owner could be seen, yet this vagrant pony seemed not a whit perturbed by his isolation. To the contrary, he was apparently quite at home in these surroundings. He might have wandered thus from one clump of cactus to another for an indefinite period but for a shrill whistle which broke the stillness with startling suddenness and which caused the pony to halt abruptly in his foraging and move toward the pile of rocks from which the sound had proceeded.

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Extraordinary as was the appearance of the child in these lonely regions, she seemed strangely in keeping with her surroundings. She was, perhaps, twelve years of age, and as lithely and gracefully as a lily. Her hair fell in a mass of disordered yet picturesque tresses over her shoulders, while her hands were thrust into the pockets of the ragged blue overalls which she wore. Apparently her extremities refused to be covered, for she wore neither hat nor shoes. The glow of the evening sun was in her eyes, which shone like pools of liquid amber against the red-brown tan of her cheeks.

She scarcely touched the sorrel pony as she sprang upon his back, and the touch of her heels sent him flying along the trail toward the hills, where horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust, and were lost to sight in the

winding of the road over which the dusk of evening had fallen.

The ill-kept and unprofitable homestead of Jose Melito nestled almost within the shadow of the hills. It would not be correct to attach the blame for these unkempt acres upon the land. Had Jose toiled at his acres they would have provided enough food to have given comfort to his wife and children. But Jose not only inherited his name from his Spanish ancestors, but with it an instinctive dislike for anything that even remotely resembled labor. And as the rock-strewn

yellow fever, which the neighborhood still remembers with shuddering horror, carried the mother of the family into the Land of Shadows. Jose's pathetic helplessness and grief had well-nigh overwhelmed him but for the touch of his baby's hand and the necessity of caring for her needs.

Baby Marie was Jose's only girl child, and the idol of her father's heart. The only emotion which, in his life, could have passed for parental affection, seemed to centre in this sunny-haired maiden. As the years passed, the boys, one by one, wandered off, either to the ranches of

ney was beyond her powers. It was the happiest day of her life when her father, in a generous moment, had given her, for her own use, the hardy little sorrel pony—his only possession of value.

True, if affection be the measure of possession, the pony had long since belonged to this long-legged maid of the mountains. It had followed her around the farm from the days of her first uncertain footsteps, and the passing of years had but increased the affection between the pony and his mistress.

For periods stretching into many days, Marie would roam the mountains, her pony at her heels, or fly along the trail to the tattoo of his thudding hoofs. All the neighboring ranchers knew Marie and welcomed her on her occasional visits as a member of the family circle. The sorrel pony and his rider, with the flying hair and sparkling eyes, were likely to appear at any moment in any part of the neighborhood. The only notice of their coming which any of the neighbors received was the thud of the pony's hoofs and the musical call of this mountain waltz. But the wild and uninhabited regions called loudest to Marie Melito, and on several occasions the pony and his mistress had covered the long miles which lay between her father's farm and the rolling waters of the Rio Grande. Even the voices of the mountains were not quite so musical as the sound of this turbid torrent.

#### School Could Not Hold Her

"Some day, Billy Boy," Marie had confided to her friend, as she stood gazing toward the Mexican bank of the river, "some day we'll cross over and see Mexico for ourselves," and the liquid eyes of the pony gazed at his mistress as if he fain would tell her that he was more than contented to remain on the home side of the Rio Grande so long as his mistress spent her days with him.

The rude little schoolhouse had been erected by the authorities at Taa Pecos, the nearest village to this isolated mountain region, and which served to supply the mental needs of the neighborhood. But this could not hold the wild spirit of Marie Melito. True, her name appeared on the school rolls, but her place remained vacant. She had tried—really tried—on more than one occasion to endure the tortures of the rough desks, and to interest herself in the wisdom which the teacher sought to impart, but eventually she ceased to try what was plainly impossible, and the schoolhouse saw her no more. From the standpoint of the long-suffering teacher, it was a decided relief that Marie preferred the hills and the desert to the schoolhouse. It was difficult enough to hold the attention of the ordinary child in these unrestrained regions, but Marie was impossible. On the rare occasions in which she graced the schoolhouse with her presence, the entire class seemed to catch her spirit, and were as unmanageable as the wild thing on the hills.

(Continued on page 12)



FLYING ALONG THE TRAIL IN THE SOUTHWEST, UNDER THUNDERING THUNDER.

earth refused to produce food for the maintenance of man without the cooperation of man, Jose and his descendants were frequently only half clothed.

This condition of life had long since come to be accepted as the natural and inevitable lot of the Melito family. It was useless for them to depend upon Jose for their daily bread, with the result that his wife and children adapted themselves to their surroundings and provided for themselves. For the greater part of the year the heat of the sun rendered a few holes, more or less, in their scanty clothing, rather acceptable than otherwise, and the neighboring ranchers accepted without question or comment the frequent visits of Jose's half-starved offspring.

Thus the family drifted along—the boys toward the age when they would be able to provide for themselves by working upon the neighboring ranches and mines, and the parents toward a negative but strangely contented middle-age.

The tragic break in the Melito family had come when the epidemic of

New Mexico or Texas. Their absence did not noticeably affect Jose, except to deepen his affection for Marie, and he would fain have kept her within the sound of his hill and plain. Stay at home? No! The hills called to her; the rocks told her their secrets; the winds of the desert whispered to her. She knew neither loneliness nor fear. The swift approach of night held no terrors for her. As well a bed in the soft, warm sand under the lee of some giant boulder, with the stars shining upon her, as the hard floor of Jose's adobe hut and the smoke of his dingy kerosene lantern.

Almost from babyhood, Marie had longed to see the Rio Grande and the mystery land of Mexico which lay to the south and west of its surging current. She had listened, starry-eyed, to her father's stories of the stirring drama which had been enacted along the banks of the river. But there were many miles between Jose's cabin and this river of dream and story, and although Marie's sturdy legs carried her surprising distances, such a jour-

### Picked Up

(Continued from page 7)

The Commissioner has arranged for the following Officers to spend a short term of Special Training at the International Centre. These Comrades are due to sail for England in the early part of January:

Adjutant J. Acton, Vancouver Citadel.  
Adjutant M. Junker, Saskatoon Citadel.  
Adjutant F. Fox, Brandon.  
Ensign F. Dorin, Vancouver D.H.Q.  
Captain H. Martin, Vancouver II.  
Captain E. Collier, Edmonton Citadel.  
Captain J. Loughton, T.H.Q.  
Adjutant W. Curry, Winnipeg Citadel.  
Ensign M. Houghton, T.H.Q.  
Captain N. Lear, Kenora.

At a special Noon-day Kneedril at Headquarters conducted by the Chief Secretary, Captain Vileta Cummings said farewell to the Officers and employees of the T.H.Q. Staff. Captain Meers spoke a few words of appreciation of her comradeship, and Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, the Men's Social Secretary, in whose Department she has worked, paid tribute to the Captain's unswerving attention to duty, and her love for the work. Captain Cummings thanked everyone for their friendliness, and said that the sixteen months she had spent on Headquarters had indeed been happy ones. She concluded by saying that she was going to her new duties with the same determination to give of her best for God and the Army.

A recent visitor to Winnipeg was Colonel Powley. As many will know, he has been on the sick-list for some months, and is now on his way to Seattle, and then to California to recuperate. He paid a flying visit to Headquarters, and was introduced to the members of the T.H.Q. Staff by the Chief Secretary.

Sympathy is extended to Captain Mary Gardner of Shaunavon, who has recently lost her mother. Mrs. Gardner, who lived at Estevan, was a good friend of the Army, and frequently attended the Meetings at that Corps, and we are sure that Comrades will remember the Captain in prayer.

While Winnipeg was shivering in zero weather last week, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Coombs received at their Quarters a charming reminder that in other parts of the world the sun is dispensing genial warmth. A package of mail had been opened by the Colonel, including a special number of a Honolulu newspaper containing an account of Army activities in the Hawaii Islands, when out from between the leaves of the book flew a pretty white and blue butterfly. The little creature had travelled probably between three and four thousand miles in this novel manner before being released. The newspaper was sent through the publishers by Captain A. Mitchell in charge of the Army's work on the Island of Maui.

Staff-Captain Onke conducted a bright Meeting with the children at the Government Juvenile Detention Home on Sunday evening last. A vocal quartette rendered selections.

Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Philp, Saskatoon Men's Social, on the recent arrival of a baby girl.

A recently conducted and much-appreciated Meeting at the Stony Mountain Penitentiary resulted in ten decisions. The party of Salvationists to visit the institution included Majors Allen and Merrett, Ensign Haynes and Sister Dancy.

Captain Chas. Watt of Coleman, Alta. is doing a splendid relief work in the town and district. Many poor people are appealing to him for food and clothing and he is meeting the need as best he can. From Army friends he collects cast-off clothing and the Corps Home League is making over the garments. Regarding the need he writes as follows: "Some of the people I went to with clothing had just flagrants and dripping to eat for weeks. One man was in bed with pleurisy and had hardly any bed clothing. I offered to send him mine. The children are going to school without any underwear."

## The Commissioner's Appointments

Winnipeg Citadel ..... Friday, Dec. 31st  
(Watchnight Service—10.30 p.m.)

Winnipeg General Hospital ..... Friday, Jan. 7th  
(League of Mercy Demonstration)

### Life and Work at Glen Vowell

(Continued from page 3)

when the sky is clear, the joy and exuberance must be witnessed to be understood.

Brother W. and Sister Mrs. B. brother and sister, had quarrelled and their feelings running so high Brother W. had struck or pushed his sister away. The following Sunday found these two under a heavy cloud. At one of the earlier Meetings of the day Sister B. came to the Penitent Form in deep penitence, confessed and got restored. At the night Meeting Brother W. came out and similarly with deep contrition sought pardon. To our hearts the most touching part was when he had risen from his knees, Brother W. deliberately walked over to his sister, clasped her hand, and sought her forgiveness also.

When witnessing such evidence of sincerity, such fervor in prayer, such faith in God, and remembering that these people so recently were accounted "heathens," our hearts exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Glen Vowell now numbers about one hundred souls. There are twenty-five cottages on five plots of land, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide running back half a mile or so. Most of the Indians have from five to ten acres under cultivation where they grow the feed for the cattle and make a garden.

The Officers' Quarters stands on an elevated site about one hundred yards back from the road, with a nice paddock at the front, which is usually sown with feed for the horse (Teddy), and a good well-stocked garden where the winter's supply of vegetables are produced.

The Officer's wife is "Fidra Matron" with a supply of medicines, etc., and is responsible for giving medical attention in all simple cases of sickness not requiring a doctor. The children, especially, are always glad to make calls of this sort as they often go away with a little bit of "something" that tastes better than medicine.

Of course the Day-School is a very important factor, as the real hope of the Natives is naturally bound up in the young people. Our promoted Comrade, Commandant Bryenton took a keen interest in the children which will certainly bring forth fruit. She added to the ordinary teaching, a Cooking Class, also a Garden, both of which helped to draw out the interest of the children and teach them habits of industry and skill.

Captain R. Boyes is now in charge of this important section of the Work, and has been well received by the children and their parents.

Three of the Cadets, who had been watching their respective kettles were on their way to the Garrison for supper when they met an intoxicated man reeling along the sidewalk. The trio took the drunken one in tow and assisted him along. After a while, the man, partially sobered, told the Cadets a pitiful story of how though his father and brothers were ministers and he had received a university education, yet drink had been his downfall. He finished his narrative by asking the Salvationists to pray for him. "Then let us do it right here" said a Cadet, a suggestion which was promptly carried out. The four men kneeling on the snow-covered sidewalk, together, the man was greatly touched by the concern of the Cadets on his behalf and promised to seek God's help in conquering the drink.

### A New Start for the New Year

(Continued from page 1)

external work as if all were well. The builders of a breakwater in the sea, some years ago, complained that they could not build fast enough or solidly enough to make progress, for the tide washed their work away as fast as they built. How pitiful the results of the endeavors of some throughout the past year. The world has proved altogether too much for them and their work, and nothing has been accomplished.

The solemn facts are recalled in the hope that a backslider will take to heart the lessons of the past. Though you are at the end of the year you are not, thank God, at the end of your opportunities. Out of the failure, the shame, the remorse of the past thousands have risen to live new and better lives, and so may you.

A famous artist once said he could have saved a lot of time in painting his pictures if he knew at once exactly how and where to lay the necessary patches of color. He lost so much time in making experiments and in correcting his blunders.

To live nearer to God day by day is to receive the cleansing of the Blood and the fullness of the Spirit of God. What mistakes these will save us and how exactly we may know how to do the right thing all the day long, living to the glory of God and for the Salvation of souls?

The evil part of one's life may have a terrible grip, but the chains of sin may be broken. A fresh start is possible, and possible to you.

What ever you once were, you may be again, and better. Let your experience of his pardoning and dejection lead you to a firmer faith in God. Your sins may be again forgiven. Your reconsecration to God will be accepted. Your lost gladness may be restored. This is the day, this is the hour, when you may, by the help of God, recover yourself out of the snare of the devil. Oh, will you not return to God?

Pardon and restoration are now possible to every one. God in His mercy is willing to wipe out the sad record of your past year, and give you a clean slate. O backslider, start the New Year as a sincere penitent at the foot of the Cross. Start it as a backslider returning to a long-suffering God.

### Six at Mount Pleasant

Captain and Mrs. Martin. Staff-Captain Dray recently led the weekend Meetings, and he was supported by the Corps Cadets, who worked splendidly all day. The theme of the Staff-Captain's addresses during the day was the Life of Samuel, and at the close of the Salvation Meeting six seekers were registered. A visitor in the afternoon Meeting was Sister Mrs. Fowler, the Secretary, and Sister Mrs. Rosch, the Treasurer, who have so successfully piloted the League through another year.—S.C.C.

The Home League Shower held recently was a great success, and a Lantern Lecture, entitled "A Trip across Canada," given by Captain Goodwin, was much appreciated. The following week the Home League Sale was held, and this resulted in the magnificent sum of \$200. A fine program, presided over by Mrs. Lieut. Colonel McLean, was much enjoyed in the evening. Much credit is due to Sister Mrs. Fowler, the Secretary, and Sister Mrs. Rosch, the Treasurer, who have so successfully piloted the League through another year.—S.C.C.

## Coming Events

LT.-COLONEL GOODWIN'  
(Assistant Field Secretary)

Winnipeg II ..... Fri., Dec. 31  
(Watchnight Service)

Winnipeg VIII ..... Sun., Jan. 2

### Saskatoon Citadel Band Doings

Aussie Band is Supper Guest  
Salvationists Call Upon Local Musicians in Giving Send-Off  
Counteracting the chill of the weather with the warmth of their send-off, members of the Saskatoon Citadel Band, together with their local guests, Saskatoon musicians in general, gave a kindly farewell reception to the members of the Australian National Band, prior to their departure from the city. Following an enthusiastically received program at the Empire Theatre, supper was served to the guests at the Citadel, following which Ensign Merrett voiced the appreciation he and his colleagues felt for the visitors' wonderful music, and wished them God-speed on their journey home. Bandmaster A. E. Tuttle also spoke, tribute also being paid personally by Thomas Standing, who wields the baton for the Battalion band, William Smith, who performs the same office in the City Band, and Bandmaster A. E. Wilde of Prince Albert.

A photograph of the band was presented by Ensign Merrett as a souvenir of the occasion, Lieut. Gladstone Hill, the Aussie' publicity director, voiced his thanks, and stated that throughout the Canadian trip Salvationist bandmen had done much to make him and his colleagues comfortable and "at home." The Salvationists escorted their friends to the station, following the giving of three Australian cheers.

Twenty-five members of the Saskatoon Citadel Band of the Salvation Army dispensed cheering music recently for the patients of St. Paul's Hospital. The band was located in the rotunda and the music was heard all over the building.

Some bright numbers included the marches "Collingwood" and "America" and the selections "There were also favorite hymn arrangements and a song. Ensign Merrett thanked the Mother Superior for her kindness in co-operating with the band in entertaining the patients.

### Promoted to Glory

Sister Mrs. McLean, Port Arthur  
A veteran Soldier of our Corps has recently answered the summons to "Come up Higher." After a few weeks' illness, "Grandma" McLean, as she was lovingly called, has gone to her Eternal Reward. She was in her 67th year, having given 30 years in service as a Soldier of Port Arthur Corps, being No. 1 on the Soldier's Roll.

Gone from us, known by many, and loved by all who knew her, our Comrade has joined her loved ones "Over There."

Truly many can rise up and call her blessed, for, since the early age of eighteen when she gave her heart to her Master, she has served Him faithfully. Rain or shine, summer or winter, "Grandma" was on duty in the Corps, and many have been the testimonies that her life was an inspiration, an example, and a help and blessing to all branches of the Corps.

Major Jaynes conducted the Funeral Service in the Citadel. The hallowed influence of the Holy Spirit was felt through the message, and many hearts were touched while she, though dead, yet spoke.

May we, too, live, so that when our names are called we shall be able to answer with a note of victory in our voices, as could "Grandma" McLean.

### Marie of the Mountains

(Continued from page 11)

And Jose could not help but notice that in its own inimitable way, nature was teaching this mountain child, and that into her character she was absorbing the strength of the hills and the beauty of sky and plain. With this he was content. It did not occur to him that his views on the education of Marie might not coincide with the views of the county authorities.

(Continued next week)



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